

# CHINA



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## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### Hongkong Parks

THERE has been some agitation in Hongkong recently to keep the Colony's parks and playgrounds open until midnight. The question was raised by Mr P.D. Au at this week's Urban Council meeting and his question was prompted by the fact that at night times the early closing of parks prevents nocturnal strollers from relaxing and enjoying the freedom and comfort of a park bench in between or after their walks. At present, the Urban Council informs us, Hongkong parks are closed at 10 p.m. with the exception of children's playgrounds which are closed earlier. Following Mr Au's question, the subject of interlocking is to be referred to the Parks and Playgrounds Select Committee for reconsideration. In many parts of the world, municipal authorities allow climatic conditions to dictate the closing hours of their parks. In Hongkong's case where the climate is particularly trying at this time of year and where living conditions in many districts are uncomfortably crowded there is a definite need to provide access to the Colony's open spaces until as late an hour as possible. Frequently the temperature is such that sleep is impossible before midnight when a sudden cool change may bring some relief to the oppressive humidity. It is a familiar sight in the Colony to see families sitting or strolling in the street late at night and it would be a small but most welcome gesture to these people and to many others who enjoy the fascination of the Colony's beauty after nightfall to keep the parks open for another two hours. There is a fear in some quarters that any extension of closing hours would only encourage the incidence of misbehaviour which is common to parks the world over. But the provision of adequate lighting and possibly a small increase in supervision would effectively reduce any such misconduct relying as it does on the cover of darkness and the employment of stealth. It is arguable anyway whether the early closing of parks is any deterrent to this sort of thing. As the saying goes: where there's a will there's a way. And when there are no parks available, people bent on mischief will always find other alternatives.

# BROADCAST BY MISSING OFFICIAL

## 'Couldn't Work For Unity In W. Germany'

Berlin, July 23.

The East German radio tonight transmitted a statement which they said was broadcast by Dr Otto John, the West German intelligence chief, reported missing since Tuesday.

In the broadcast, Dr John said he had been unable to work for German unity in West Germany.

"I hope to produce my own ideas about how to achieve German unity soon in a written document," he added.

The radio announcer, introducing the broadcast, said Dr John had made the statement about to be broadcast last Tuesday on the day of his disappearance in East Berlin before "responsible personalities of the 'East German Democratic Republic'."

Dr John said on July 20 he had taken a decisive step and got in touch with the East German authorities. In the alleged declaration, Dr John said, "Citizens, Germany is in danger of being split forever as the dispute between the East and the West. An act of demonstration must be made to save the cause of German reunification."

"That is why, on the day of the anniversary of July 20, I took a decisive step and got in contact with the East German authorities."

### PUT ON PILLORY

"In the federal republic the possibility of all political activity was taken away from me after I had been constantly put on the pillory by the Nazis who are springing up today throughout political and public life."

The Minister of the Interior, made it impossible for me to continue my work in my service by declaring to the press that when sovereignty was obtained it would mean a free hand and the possibility of giving the task of protection of the constitution to persons above all suspicion.

"Men of intelligence and with political experience," the statement continued, "showed me in recent talks that they are convinced that German policy was at an impasse. On the other hand, the Protestant congress at Leipzig proved that there were still possibilities for reunification. One must now at least try these possibilities. I hope soon to be able to present to the German people my ideas and my plans for the reunification of Germany."

for the reunification of Germany."

On the recording, Dr John's voice sounded clear and assured.

In Bonn, a West German Government spokesman said that Government would examine the recordings of Dr John's broadcast to see whether it was genuinely from him.

"I have heard the broadcast and did once hear John speak but it is quite impossible to say at once whether this is genuine," the spokesman said. Government leaders were immediately being informed of the broadcast, he said. No comment could be made until it had been more clearly studied.

### REFUSE TO BELIEVE

Allied officials who have known Dr John were today almost unanimous in refusing to believe that John had gone to East Berlin voluntarily.

"This is quite impossible," was the general opinion. United States officials said today they feared the Russians may write secrets of the hush-hush American Central Intelligence Agency from John.

American High Commission sources in Bonn said that John may have considerable knowledge of American counter-espionage as a result of his recent conferences in Washington with CIA chief Allen Dulles.

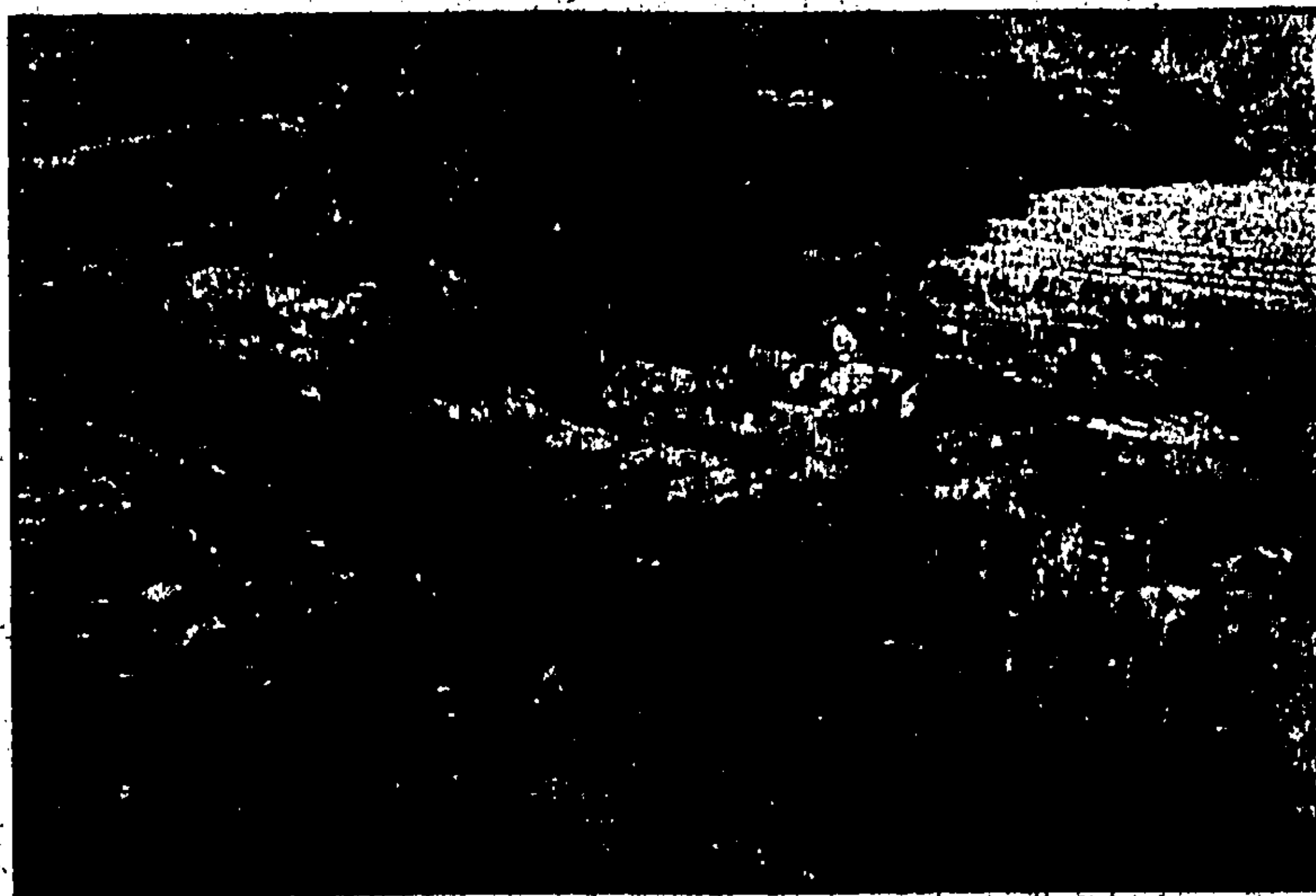
### WAVE OF ARRESTS

Their fears for the safety of any American counter-intelligence secrets Dr John may have known were heightened by a wave of arrests of Western secret agents in the Soviet Zone of Germany which have followed his disappearance.

The West German Government regarded the disappearance so seriously a Cabinet meeting was called to discuss the John case. It was expected to be held either tomorrow or Monday.

Western officials said the fact that Dr John has fallen into Communist hands may jeopardize West Germany's entire security system as well as a number of Allied intelligence agencies—United Press.

## The Fire's Wide Area Of Destruction



## 'VERY DIFFICULT TO FORM SEATO'

### Dulles's Statement On Asia

Washington, July 23.

The United States Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles, told a press conference today that the process of getting the East Asian countries together in any proposed security pact was very difficult.

He was replying to a correspondent who asked if any thought had been given to including eventually such countries as Japan and Formosa in the proposed pact.

Mr Dulles pointed out that when he negotiated the United States security pacts with Japan, the Philippines, Australia and New Zealand, he had thought of the possibility of one rather broad alliance.

But, he added, political differences, conflicts of interest, and lack of common traditions among the countries in the area had made it impossible at that time to bring about as broadly based an association as he had hoped for.

In the face of an increased peril now, he thought there was a possibility of something broader, but the possibility of bringing about cohesion in that part of the world was very much more difficult than it was in the North Atlantic Community.

### NOT LIKELY

He did not think that this cohesion could be excluded, but it was not likely at an early date.

Mr Dulles said he could not discuss in detail the question of whether or not the United States was prevented by the cease-fire agreement from sending further military aid to Indo-China.

He thought the agreement did not exclude military aid to Laos and Cambodia, but in the case

Here is a view of the razed squatter settlement at Tai Hang Tung, Kowloon Tsai, as seen from the heights overlooking the valley. This picture taken by a staff photographer shows the wide area of destruction caused by the fire which has killed nine people, injured 80 and has left about 30,000 people homeless.

## Pakistan Outlaws Communists

Karachi, July 23.

The Pakistan Government has outlawed the Communist Party in Karachi; it was officially announced tonight.

Similar action, it was authoritatively stated, was being taken in other provinces of West Pakistan. The announcements were expected to be made simultaneously in the provincial capitals of Lahore and Peshawar.

The chief commissioner's announcement said he "was pleased to declare the Communist Party and all other associations in whatever manner connected with that party, and by whatever name known or called to be unlawful associations."

While the announcement was being made, police swooped down on the Communist Party Office in Karachi and seized it. The Communist Party was outlawed in East Pakistan on July 5 as a "danger to public peace."

An announcement then said "the Government was convinced that the Communist Party had for its object interference with the administration and maintenance of law and order."—Reuter.

## U.K. Minister To Go To Cairo For Suez Talks

London, July 23.

The Minister of War, Mr Anthony Head, will leave for Cairo tomorrow for talks on the Suez Canal Zone dispute, the Foreign Office announced here tonight.

New British proposals on the dispute had been under discussion between Britain and Egypt in informal meetings in Cairo for the last two weeks.

A Foreign Office spokesman was unable to say tonight whether Mr Head's arrival in Cairo would mark the start of formal negotiations in the issue.

In a formal statement the Foreign Office said: "It has been decided that the Secretary of State for War, Mr Anthony Head, should proceed to Cairo to take part in discussions with the Egyptian Government over the Suez Canal bases."

"He will be accompanied by Mr Evelyn Shuckburgh, Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office and Brigadier G. H. Baker of the War Office." The informal talks have been conducted on the British side by the Ambassador, Sir Ralph Stevenson, and the Chief of Staff, Middle East Land Forces, Major-General R. E. Benson.

These informal negotiations are proceeding on three main points:

(1) The duration of any agreement arrived at on the basis of total British evacuation of the 80,000 strong British garrison.

(2) The period required for evacuation.

(3) The terms on which Egypt would permit the return of foreign troops.

Britain has proposed reoccupation of the base in the event of a threat to Turkey, Persia or any Arab state.

Egypt has so far refused to agree to the reopening of this base in the case of Persia.

British comments on certain Egyptian counter-proposals have now been sent to Cairo and are expected to form the basis of a fourth informal meeting between the representatives of the two countries tomorrow.

## Big Majority For Mendes-France

Paris, July 23.

Premier M. Pierre Mendes-France won overwhelming approval tonight from the French Parliament for the Indo-China peace he negotiated at Geneva.

The official National Assembly figures gave him a 501-65 majority. (See P 20 For Debate)—United Press.

The latest British proposals to Egypt were worked out in talks between Sir Winston Churchill and President Eisenhower in Washington at the end of June and are fully backed by the United States—Reuter.

## Little Use In New 4-Power Talks

Washington, July 23.

The United States Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles, said today that another four-power meeting with the Soviet Union would not appear to be profitable unless there was a change in the Russian attitude.

He gave this reply when asked at his weekly press conference for comment on Moscow radio's suggestions for reopening four-power talks on the problems of Korea, disarmament, European security, German reunification and atomic energy, a conference which had ended in London only a few days ago and had been unable to make any progress because of the Soviet attitude.

He said he did not think it would be "profitable" to resume these talks unless there was a change of attitude on the part of the Soviet Union within the past few days.

As far as the other topics were concerned, Mr Dulles said they had been the subject of conferences, also within the past few months, and again: unless there was a change of Soviet attitude, it would not seem profitable to renew them.

Mr Dulles added that the United States of course hoped for a change of attitude which would make it possible to reunite Korea and Germany and make progress in controlling atomic energy so that it could be used for peaceful rather than destructive purposes.—Reuter.

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Flights leaving Hong Kong every Wednesday at 12 noon, arrive in Bangkok at 4 p.m. (local time)  
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## SHOWING TO-DAY NEW HEIGHTS OF ADVENTURE!

ACTUALLY FILMED WITH THE WHALING FLEET IN THE ICY ANTARCTIC!

**ALAN LADD IN HIS TOP ADVENTURE!**



**ALAN LADD IN HELL BELOW ZERO**

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**KING'S**  
Gary COOPER • Grace KELLY in

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At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50

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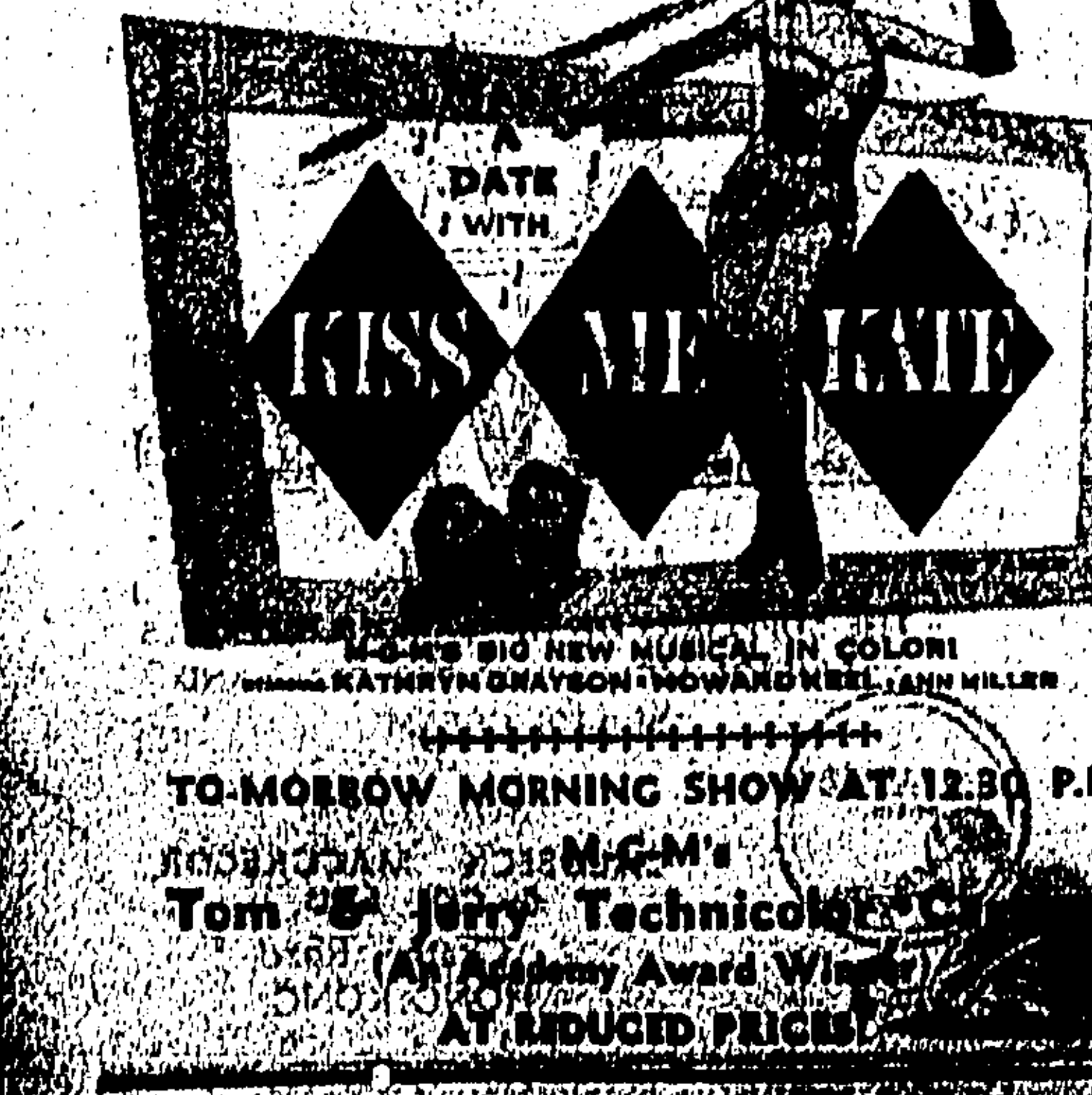
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ANN MILLER in

**KISS ME KATE**



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.  
**Tom & Jerry** Technicolor

# Around Hollywood With MICHAEL RUDDY JUDY GARLAND IS A STAR RE-BORN

Warner Brothers Studios, the best-planned and most efficient of the Hollywood film factories, is busy and 2,600 workers cheerfully jingle those silver dollars on payday. Seven films are on the floor, although two are actually filming in Rome, "Helen of Troy," and near Cairo, "Land of the Pharaohs."

But for both these productions, the mill, the prop-shop and all other departments, have turned out thousands of weapons, in wood and plastic, as actors are not expendable, and shipped them to the scene of the cinema battles.

For three Britons, Torin Thatcher, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Robert Douglas (a doughty Scot, family name Finlayson), "Helen of Troy" has been a career. Six months in Rome, living in luxurious villas, all expenses paid by Warners. Ho, ho, for the life of an actor!

Jack Hawkins and James Robertson Justice, a fine man in kills and with falcon, will come to Hollywood later this year for a relaxing session of interviews and personal appearances.

**COSTLIEST IN HISTORY**

At the Burbank studios, the biggest musical, and the costliest in Warner history, "A Star is Born," is in the completion stage. I watched Judy Garland in the 14-minute dance spectacle, in which she tells in song and dance, the history of her full life.

Choreographer is brilliant Dick Burrows. He and his sister danced in Britain like Fred and Adele Astaire. He created dances for Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward in "Tonight at 8.30." He worked for C.B. Cochran. Knew Anna Neagle when she was Marjorie Robertson. "I create the dances and the spectacles for the Ringling Bros. Circus, but this," indicating the stage, on which 77 dancers awaited Judy Garland, "is what I enjoy most," he said.

Virginia has a royal time in "King Richard and the Crusaders." Warner's version of Sir Walter Scott's "The Talisman," battles between Crusaders and Saracens are fought over her, but Laurence Harvey as the Scottish knight (speaking a sort of Old English) sweeps her off in the fade-out.

Oh, it's all gallant, knight-hood in flower, with the

**FOUND WANTING**

"I have learned what the responsibility of being a star is." And her co-star, James Mason, in the Canadian Stratford Festival, is also learning that Shakespeare cannot be taken lightly. His "Measure for Measure" was dissected by the critics and found wanting. But a good effort. Even when compared with what Alce Guiness might have done.

"The Silver Chalice," one of the many in the Biblical cycle, is being directed by former Birmingham cinema manager, Victor Saville, who launched his career as an independent producer with two of Mickey Spillane's mayhem, sex and murder items. Jack Palance (remember him in "Shane" and "Sudden Fear") is a sort of magician-conjuror-juggler in this, with beautiful Virginia Mayo and charming Pier Angeli wearing silken robes of the period and smiling gently for the cameras.

Alan Ladd's last film, made in the Antarctic, called "Hell Below Zero," is being shown in the USA. It ought to do well this summer. That's a cool picture. 50 below zero. Icebergs. Vast ice floes." Alan said. Good selling point.

**COOL PICTURE**

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And the coldest looking setting of the month was on Stage 7 where director William Wellman ("The High and the Mighty," etc.) was rehearsing with Robert Mitchum, Teresa Wright, Diana Lynn, Beulah Bondi, Philip Tongue and Tab Hunter. Slapstick parody as was enjoyed, clean, fast, a vast expanse of white light to the first-class mountain peaks. The only touch of colour was a scarlet Mackinaw worn by Mitchum.

Contrasts for Diana Lynn, last in London as the gay teenager of "The Moon is Blue." "I'm the unhappy frustrated spinster stuck in this mountain village," Diana said. And the menace is a cougar, a killer, in this story, "Track of the Cat." The locale is the High Sierras, 1980, and perfect for this sombre tale, in the greys and whites of winter.

Virginia Mayo's husband, Michael O'Shea, was asked by Warners to be the premiere of "King Richard," etc., which stars his wife. "Sorry," he said. "I'm doing a television show and I simply cannot be associated with motion pictures in any way." Ho-hum.

New Team: Dan Daiter and Gene Kelly in "Fair Weather," a musical at MGM. And "Oklahoma" will be filmed in Arizona because Oklahoma doesn't look like the Oklahoma of the musical any more.

# The First Authentic Cowboy Film

By JANE ROBERTS

A letter to the paper written as a result of my interest in Spanish-speaking Apaches in "GUN FURY" made me realise all over again the tremendous appetite for western pictures there is—an appetite shared by young and old alike, it seems.

Westerns have preoccupied Hollywood continuously over the 46 years since Bronco Billy made the original horse opera in 1908, but a 1954 feature aptly titled "THE COWBOY" is claimed to be the first authentic story of its subject.

"THE COWBOY" is a two-man (or rather a team composed of husband and wife) show, produced, directed, photographed and edited by a man called Elmo Williams from an idea built up and written by his wife Lorraine. It's in Eastman colour and takes 70 minutes to run.

A film editor since he went to Hollywood in 1933, Williams was born at a place with the "last stand" sounding name of Lone Wolf, Oklahoma, and was brought up in New Mexico cattle country.

The idea of making a correct, factual picture of the growth and decline of the West was the result of a talk with a colourful old-timer known as Uncle Bill McCall at Hatch, New Mexico in 1950.

Williams was struck with the possibilities of making a motion picture on the cowboy, to be enacted by natives of the southwest and particularly bringing in its vanishing generation of pioneers.

He nipped the notion while editing three fictional westerns—"HELLGATE," "HIGH

NOON" (for which he won an "Oscar") and "THE TALL TEXAN" which he also directed—until early 1953, when Robert L. Lipsett agreed to back the documentary venture.

**SIX-MONTH TRIP**

Last year Williams and his wife set out in a station wagon with the basic outline of a story and unrestricted freedom to travel some 12,000 miles of the United States and Mexico.

The trip took them six months. They travelled hundreds of miles to find up and shoot single scenes. They found a windmill they wanted to use in Arizona, a ghost town at Lake Valley, New Mexico, and took countless photographs of ancient cowpunchers with wild tales to tell.

The youngest of these latter was 74 and the oldest, wouldn't tell his age but all of them still spent from eight to 12 hours in the saddle every day.

Wild horse scenes were photographed on a ranch deep in New Mexico's desolate San Andreas range, 60 miles from Rincon in an area cowboys call "the scariest country in the world" and on locations where no white woman had ever before set foot.

This seems strange in a country one's apt to think of as being completely discovered and tamed. Only one other mustang-herd is known to survive in the USA.

Twenty years ago this ranch possessed 10,000 horses and sold 2,500 a year. Last year it was down to owning 300 and selling 60.

With mechanisation increasing more and more rapidly the poor old horse will soon be left as a curiosity, a creature of the past, and with him his cowboy partner. The Williams venture seems to be a timely one.

**FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY**

**Cathay**

"A Brilliant and Unforgettable Film... Suspense which nothing ever breaks!" —Mark Van Doren

**FOR GOD AND DEATH**

Stanley Kubrick's

**EMPIRE**

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

EXPLODING THE SCREEN WIDE OPEN WITH ITS DANGER, ACTION AND THRILLS!

JOHN FLYNN

**"OBJECTIVE BURMA"**

**QUEEN'S**

TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.

MGM's Technicolor Musical  
**"TEXAS CARNIVAL"**

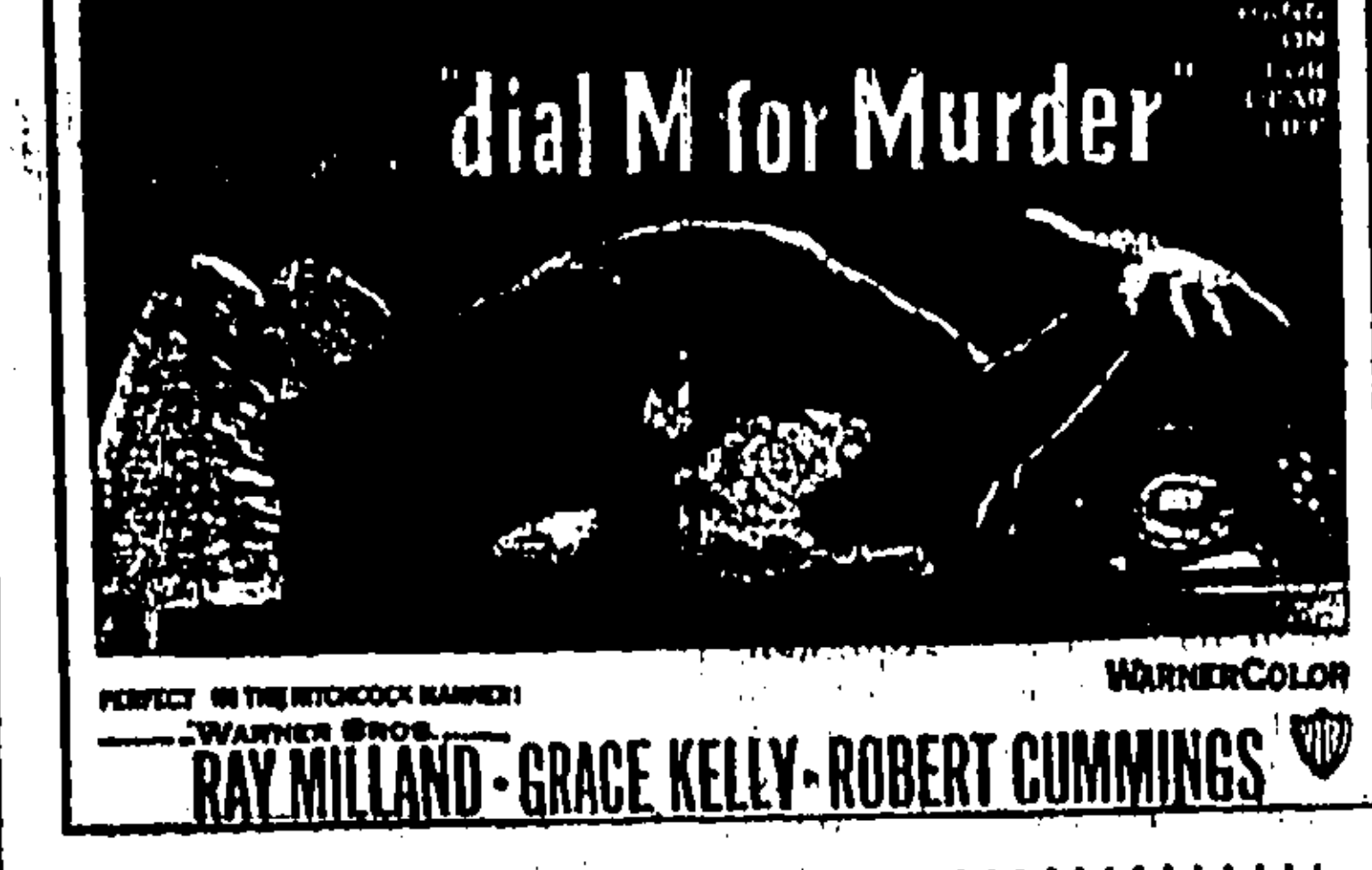
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# QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

Special Times To-day: 2.30—5.15—7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

## 2nd BIG WEEK

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**RAY MILLAND • GRACE KELLY • ROBERT CUMMINGS**

— NEXT CHANGE (BY REQUEST) —

## "LUCRECE BORGIA"

Color by Technicolor  
MATINE CAROL — PEDRO ARMENDARIZ  
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**VARIETY PROGRAM**  
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AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

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3 Coins in the Fountain



**LOUIS JOURDAN MADGE MCNAMARA**

ADDED ATTRACTION: CinemaScope Short Subject  
**"THE FIRST PIANO QUARTET"** Color by DELUXE

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW  
At 12.00 Noon

**ROXY** A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Presented by 20th Century-Fox

Reduced Admission  
Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

**LEE GREAT WORLD**

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

## SHOWING TO-DAY

**BACK TO GODS COUNTRY**



**HUDSON HENDERSON COCHRAN**

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

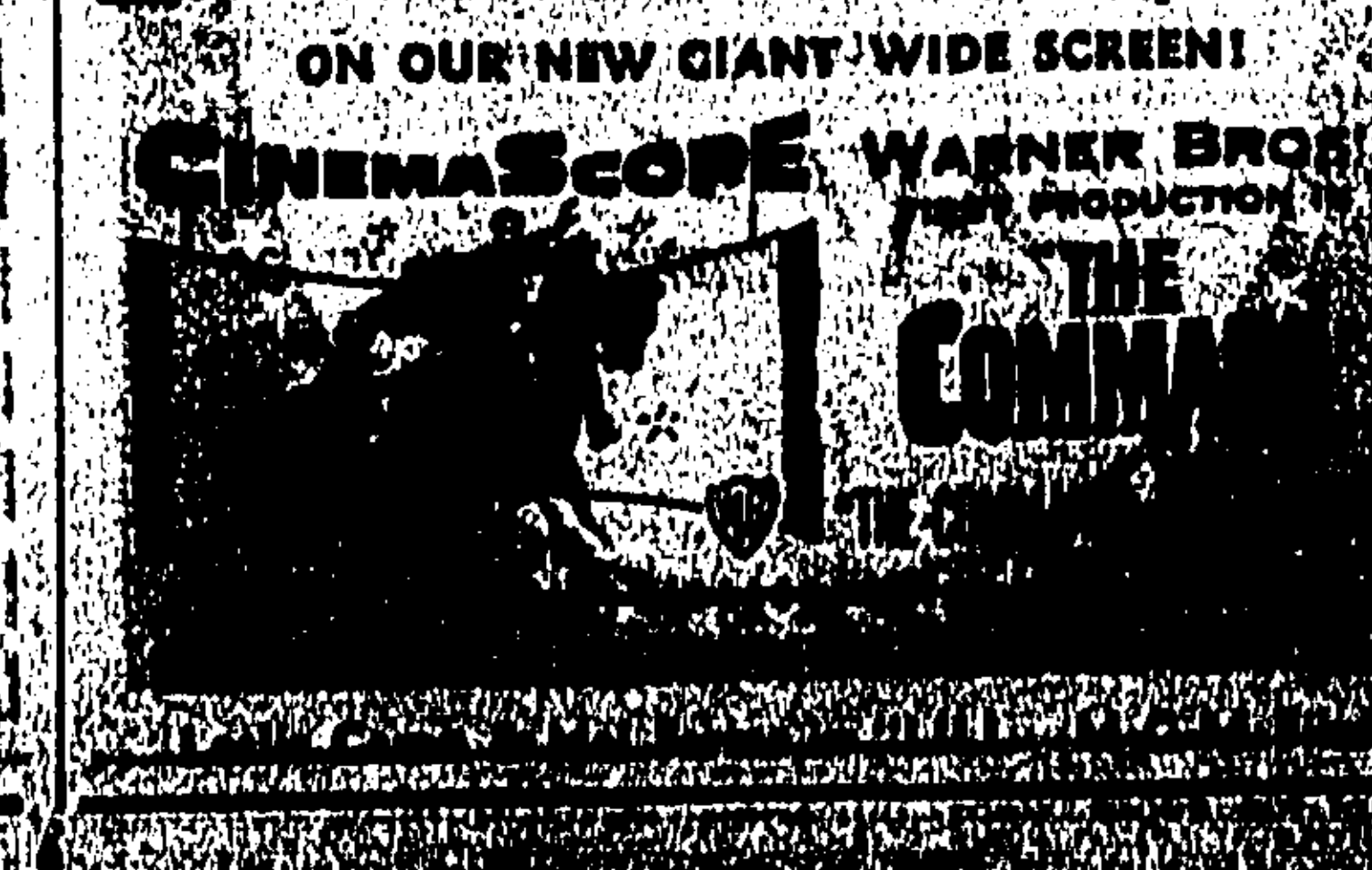
# GREAT WORLD

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**TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS**  
At Reduced Prices!

**ON OUR NEW GIANT WIDE SCREEN!**

**CINEMASCOPE** WARNER BROS. Production



**THE COMMAND**



## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

## He's Carving A Huge Monument Out Of A Mountainside

Custer, South Dakota.

A sculptor who is carving a masterpiece out of a mountainside said it might take the remaining years of his life "and a little more" to finish a huge monument to the American Indian.

But Korczak Ziolkowski still nursed a glimmer of hope that he might live to finish the sculpture of the Indian Chief, Crazy Horse, who led the Sioux charge that wiped out General George A. Custer and his troops.

## 21st Birthday Of A Play That Preaches

Hollywood.

The nation's oldest stage play celebrated its 21st birthday last week when "The Drunkard" preached the doctrine of "sobriety and the good life" for the 7,816th time.

The old-time temperance drama began on June 6, 1933, its producers had hoped for a moderately successful run of two weeks.

From the beginning, the old P.T. Barnum tear-jerker was played straight—and the customers joined in with cheers for the hero and hisses for the villain.

When it was revived in 1933, the play had not been staged for 90 years. Lines that drew sobs from ladies and caused men to brush tears from their eyes a century ago fetch only laughs today.

At first apple cider was served during performances of the re-incarnated moral drama.

However, its producers quickly changed to beer when the 18th amendment was repealed on December 5, 1933.

## COFFEE AND BEER

During its phenomenal run—longer than any other play in history—customers have consumed 30,000 pounds of coffee, 2,340,000 sandwiches and 5,000,000 bottles of beer. If all the pretzels consumed at "The Drunkard" were laid end to end they would reach around the earth.

Many of the actors have been with the show since the beginning. Others have joined the cast and have gone on to become stars in other shows. The play has had six heroes, nine heroines and five villains. It has survived two decades of cast members, celebrated 22 marriages and 17 babies. Five children outgrew the part of the drunkard's daughter before the role was eliminated because of constant replacements.

A few months ago the play was modernized to the extent that a musical version titled "The Wayward Way" was added and played on alternate nights. The new version became an immediate hit. The cast voted to take "The Wayward Way" on the road so that people who haven't managed to visit Hollywood will have an opportunity to see it. — United Press.

## SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



It's a known fact that you know enough to be a good husband, but it's a known fact that you don't know enough to be a good father. — Galbraith

## A 'Must' For Any Self-Respecting Tourist



## Irish Craftsmen Earn Dollars With Stained-Glass Windows

Dublin.

American Catholics are turning more and more to Ireland for stained-glass window for their churches and cathedrals.

In hundreds of churches, not only in the United States, but all over the world the light that streams through the tall windows is touched to magic colours by the artistry of a small group of workers in a Dublin studio.

These workers, under the supervision of William Dowling, are reviving a craft which is as old as Ireland itself. Over the past three years, their exports of stained-glass windows to American churches have been nothing less than phenomenal. Not bad for just 13 craftsmen unburdened by the pressures of a large studio.

The present-day pedigree of Irish stained-glass goes back no further than 50 years. With the suppression of religion in Ireland during the 19th century, and the decision wrought by Cromwell's soldiers almost a century later, not a piece of medieval Irish stained-glass was left unsmashed.

After Catholic emancipation in 1829, churches in Ireland again went in for the necessary

Rafic Mattar, the Palestinian refugee who was brought to England for an intricate operation for a tumour of the brain three months ago, goes on a sight-seeing tour of London. The operation was successfully carried out in London, and Rafic is now convalescing at the Children's home at Tilford, Hampshire, under the auspices of the International Children's Help Society. — London Express Photo.

## New Home For Policemen

Montreal.

An old two-story house that once served as headquarters for British soldiers will soon be demolished to make room for a new social centre for Montreal's 2,600 policemen and their families.

The building is believed to have been constructed in the 1840's. It is situated on a piece of land which the Montreal Police's Brotherhood recently purchased for \$27,800. Funds for the social centre will be provided by a public campaign.

Before the turn of the century, the building was owned by a private family. Later it was converted into a club. Policemen, when they inspected the structure recently, found an attic full of hundreds of wine bottles — all empty. — United Press.

## 1,000 Miles From The Sea But Winnipeg Has A Harbour

Winnipeg.

Winnipeg is 1,000 miles from the sea, yet it has a harbour. Admittedly, it's a small harbour—just a wharf about 250 ft. long, on the banks of the Red River, off Main Street.

Few people think much of Winnipeg harbour in the winter-time. The wharf backs on to a waste lot. The Red River is frozen solid and covered with snow.

A trail of footprints where someone has short-cut to work leads across from St. Boniface on the opposite bank. Along from the wharf, a circle of poles fences off an open sower, so small boys skating on the river won't fall in.

The harbour's busy season begins in May, and goes on until the end of October. Most of the river-boats using the harbour belong to the big fishing companies. They are small boats, from 30 to 65 tons, bringing fish and lumber from Lake Winnipeg, and taking back anything from an automobile to a stack of flour.

Things can get pretty busy down at the wharf, if a lot of fish have been caught on the lake. Harbourmaster Harry Panton says there have been 18 boats in the harbour at the same time, but that was a red-letter day. Mostly there are no more than three boats in every day.

For lost or stolen boats, and is proud of the fact that so far he has always been able to return them. Another of his jobs is to see that boats are licensed and have paid their dues.

Panton, like the life. He likes being his own boss, in sole charge of the harbour—even if it is one of the smallest harbours in the world. — United Press.



## He's Made Racing In Ontario What It Is

Toronto.

Colonel K.R. Marshall, the distinguished president of the Ontario Jockey Club, is a man who has the best interests of racing at heart. He ought to. He's been an executive of the club for 25 years, 13 as director and president for the last 12.

An old polo player and steeplechase rider himself, Colonel Marshall has been following horses as long as he can remember. Perhaps that's a good enough reason for the healthy state of affairs on Ontario race tracks. But the colonel and leading members of the club, which is 80 years old this year, are concerned not only with track improvement in the quality of horses bred in the province.

"I can assure you," he told the meeting, "that the Ontario Jockey Club is doing everything within its means to move with the times and increase the popularity of racing in this province."

## THE OBJECTIVE

"Greater comfort, attractive surroundings and conveniences together with free parking for the patrons, better understanding of the sportmen's problems and racing which offers plenty of encouragement to breed high class thoroughbreds in Canada is our objective."

In addition he outlined plans for a new track to be built on 700 acres of land already acquired in Etobicoke, outside Toronto. The Ontario Jockey Club, which owns the Woodbine track in Toronto and the Fort Erie track, would thus have three tracks running again. The Hamilton track was recently sold to Simpsons-Sears for a department store site.

During the 25 years that Col. Marshall has been connected with the Club, racing standards have steadily improved. The year 1954 will see further improvements.

## \$1,000,000 SPENT

At Fort Erie improvements before next summer will bring a new club house, reconstruction of grandstand, moving and resurfacing of the racing strip, extension of parking facilities and additional stabling. Modernization at Fort Erie thus far has cost over one million dollars.

Last year saw a considerable improvement at Woodbine where an enlarged paddock and extended facilities for horsemen and public were built.

Woodbine will open on May 22 and run to July 1. The improved Fort Erie track will run all of July and racing returns to Woodbine in the first week of September for a total of 84 days.

"It's a sure bet the distinguished Ontario Jockey Club president will be out at the tracks as often as he can. Certainly there couldn't be any takers he won't put in appearances on opening and Queen's Plate day. — United Press.

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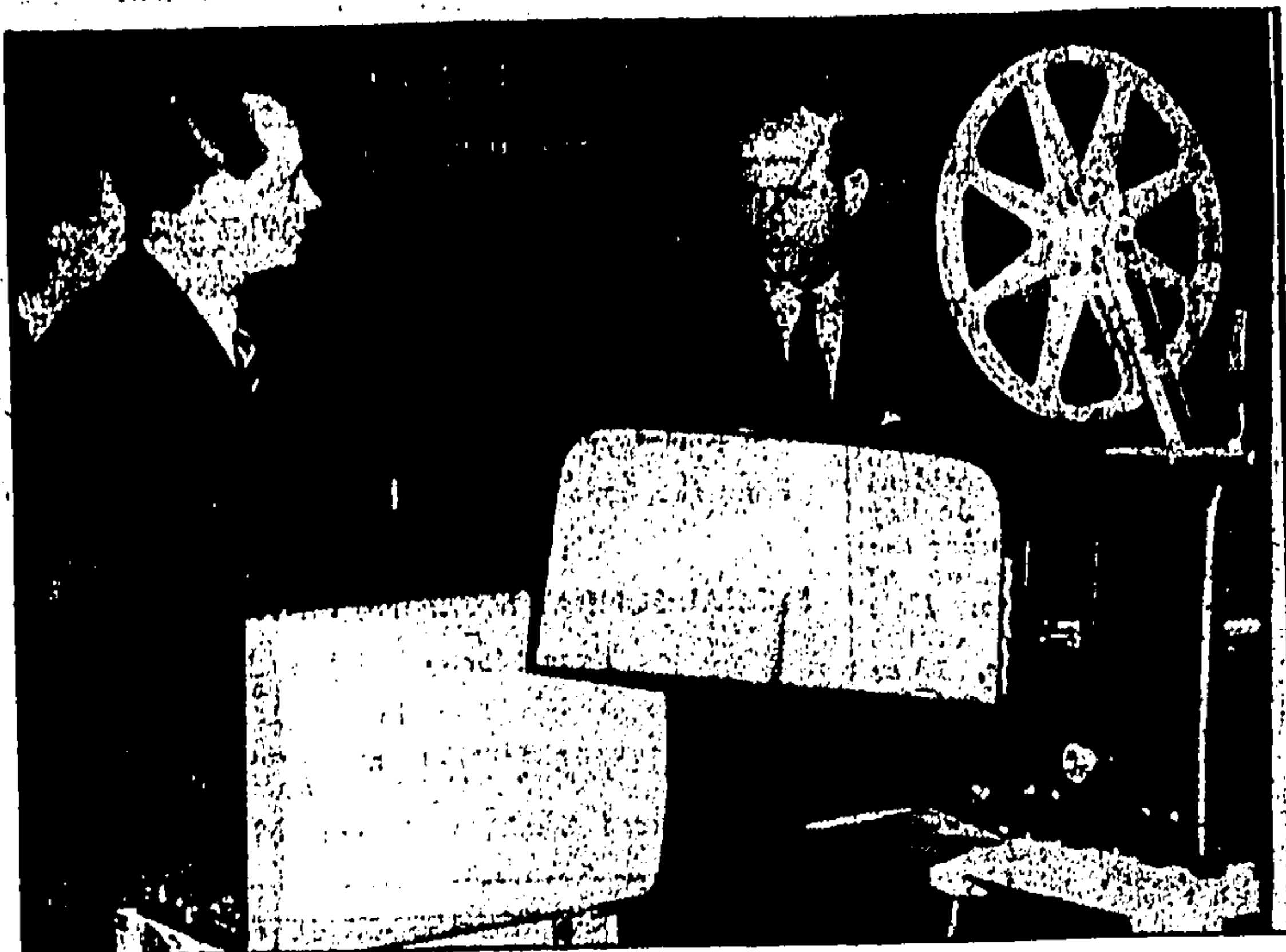
Made by George. Back. (Pantomime) (Landscape) (Landscape)

Directed by George. Back. (Pantomime) (Landscape) (Landscape)

With English Subtitles — At Regular Prices



# • HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



THE Duke of Edinburgh went to the preview of the exhibition of scientific films and other visual educational aids at the Senate House, University of London. His Royal Highness is being shown a new British projector. (Express)



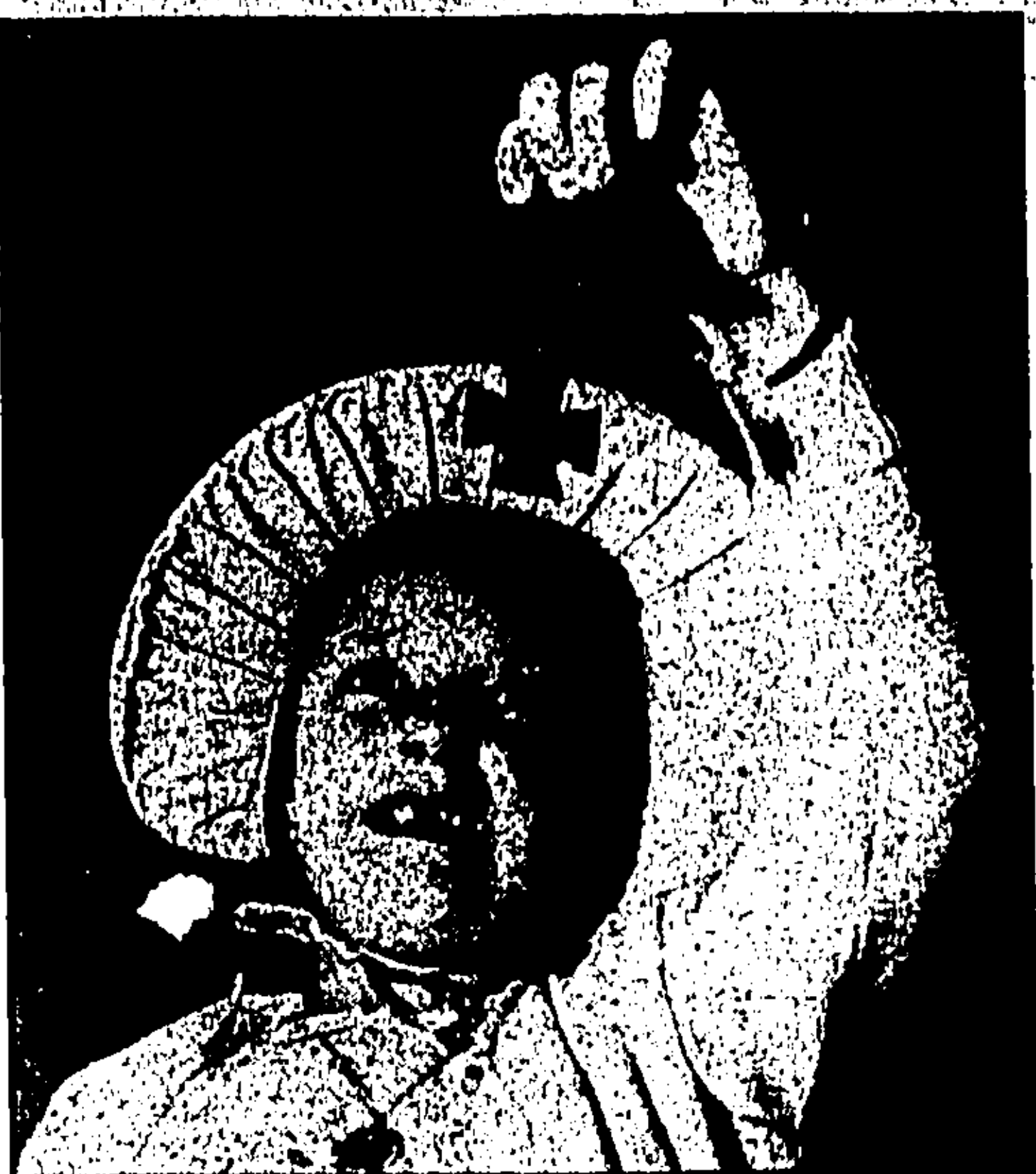
THE discoverer of penicillin now works in a new, larger laboratory attached to St Mary's Hospital, Paddington. Sir Alexander Fleming, white-coated as above, is there daily continuing his work.



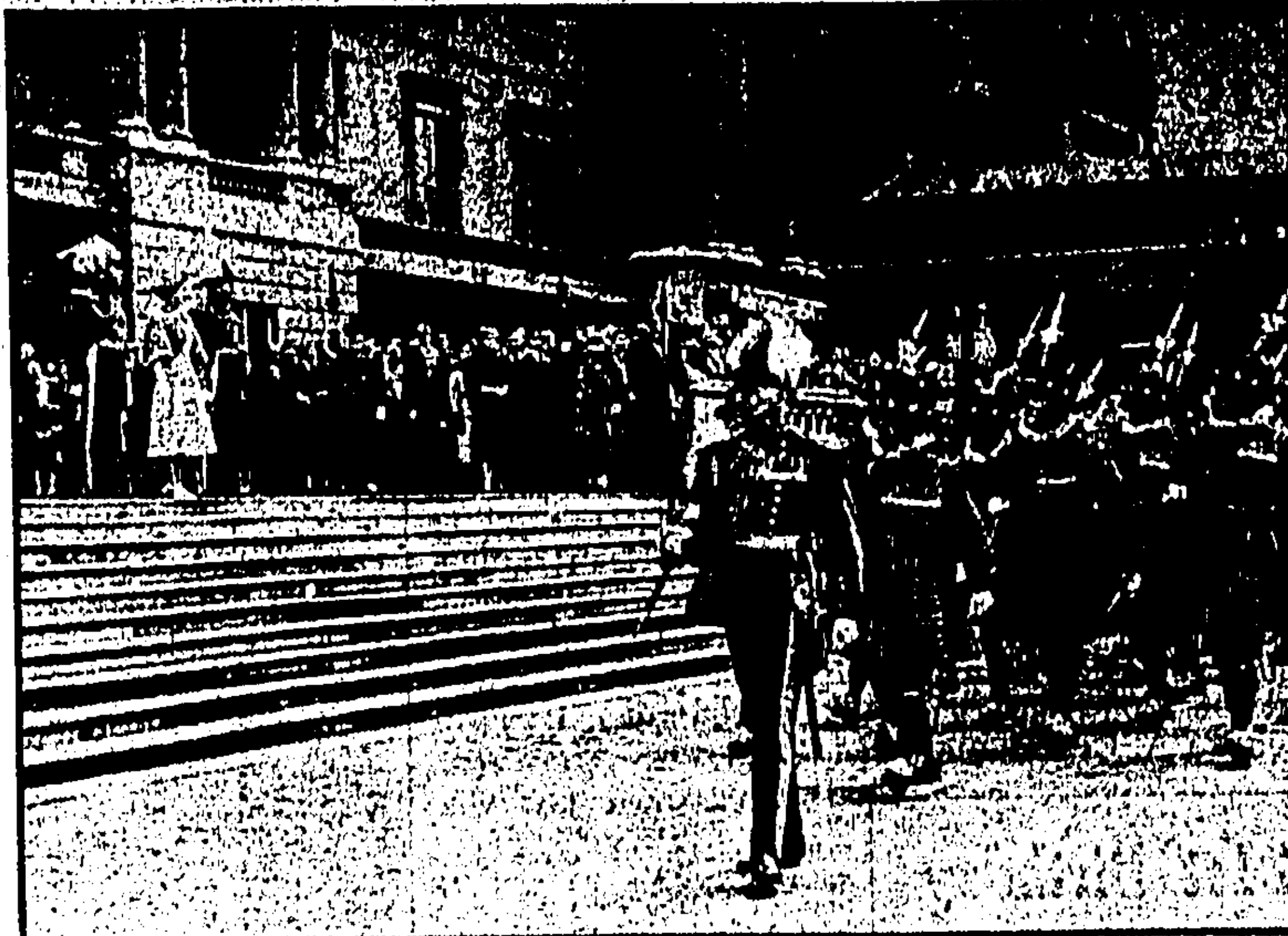
PART of the traffic pile-up outside Smithfield Market, London's great meat trading centre, on the first day of derationing. There was chaos — traffic chaos as well as price chaos — as butchers rushed to be first. (Express)



CADET C. A. G. Love of Abingdon School, Remond, Dorset, is shown by his fellow-cadets after making a maximum score of 70 in his school history. Nine hundred public school cadets competed for the American Challenge Shield, which will be awarded to the school with the highest score.



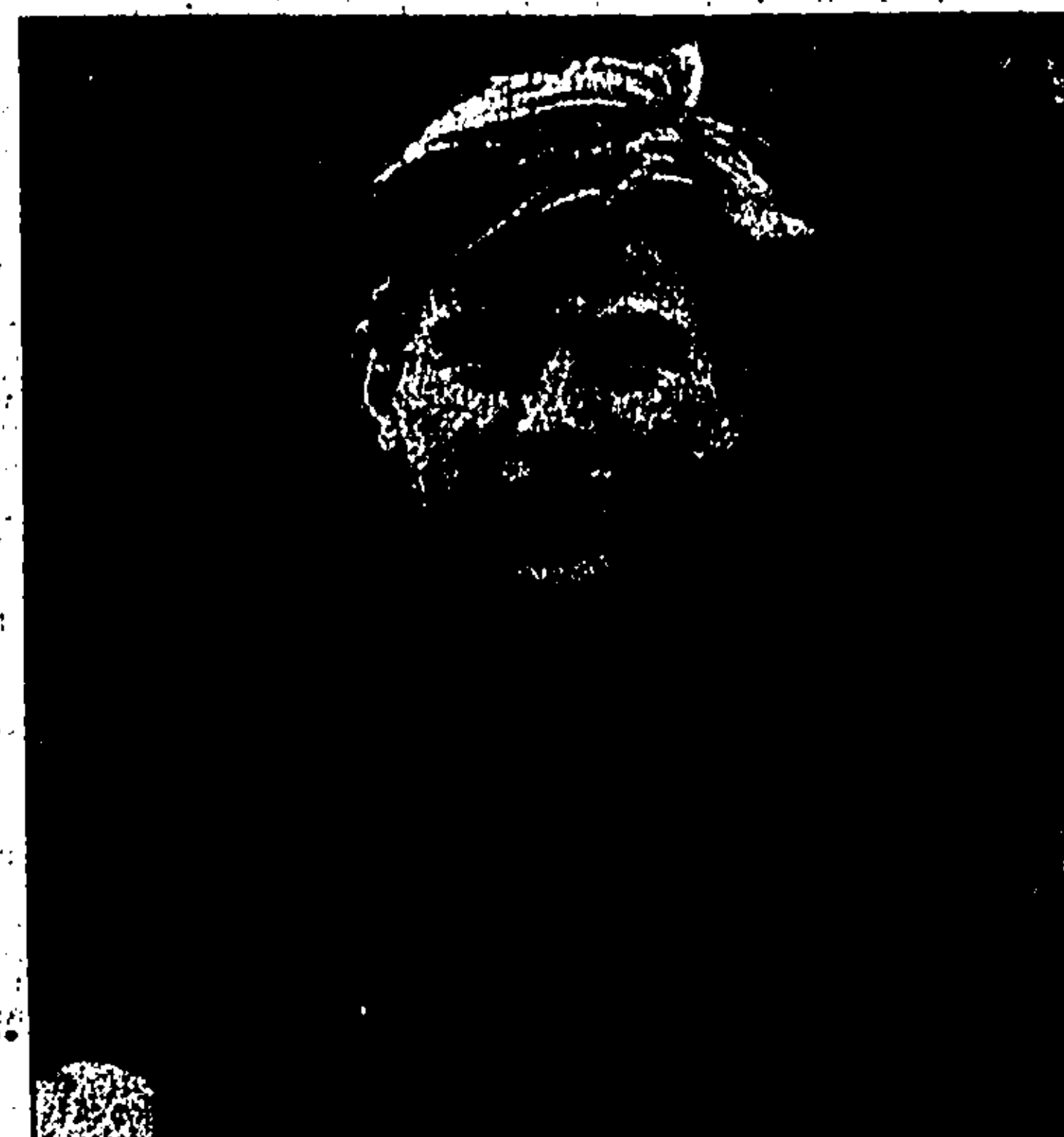
LITTLE Susan Curtis holding the Victoria Cross which was won by her father, Lieut. P. K. E. Curtis, during the Imjin River battle in Korea three years ago, when he was killed. Susan, now seven, went recently to Buckingham Palace to receive the award from Her Majesty the Queen. (Express)



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN inspecting the Yeomen of the Guard in the garden of Buckingham Palace. The Queen is standing between Lord Onslow (left) and General Sir Alan Adair as she watches the Yeomen of the Guard march by in their historic uniforms. (Express)



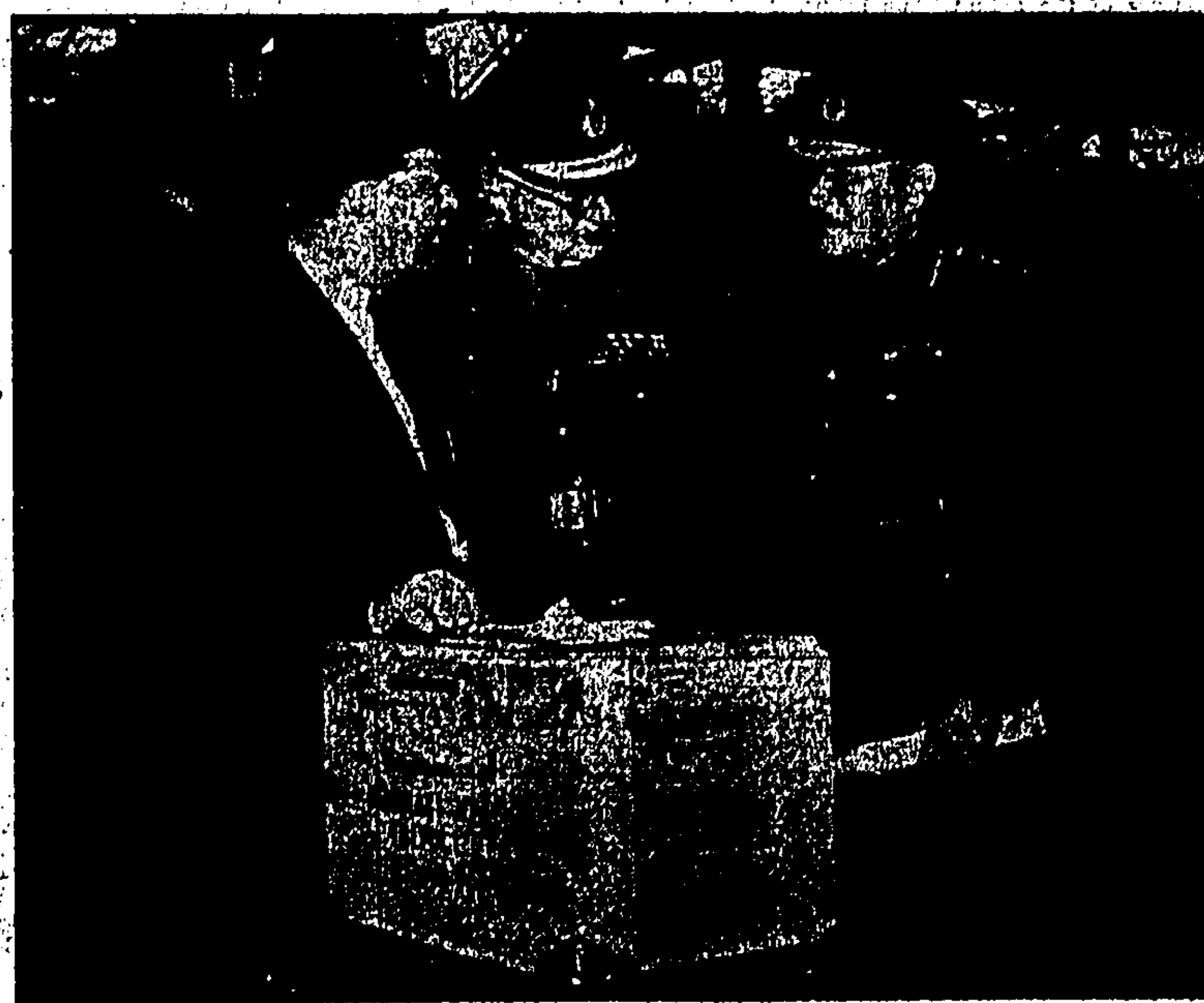
GORDON PIRIE, athlete of the year, resting in bed at his home in Couladon, Surrey, following a foot injury which kept him from a White City track meeting. A pair of German "warming up" shoes dug into his instep during training. (Express)



MUSSOLINI'S 16-year-old grandson, Count Mario Clano, is in England for two months to learn English. His mother is the former Italian dictator's eldest daughter, and his father was Foreign Minister during the Fascist regime. (Express)



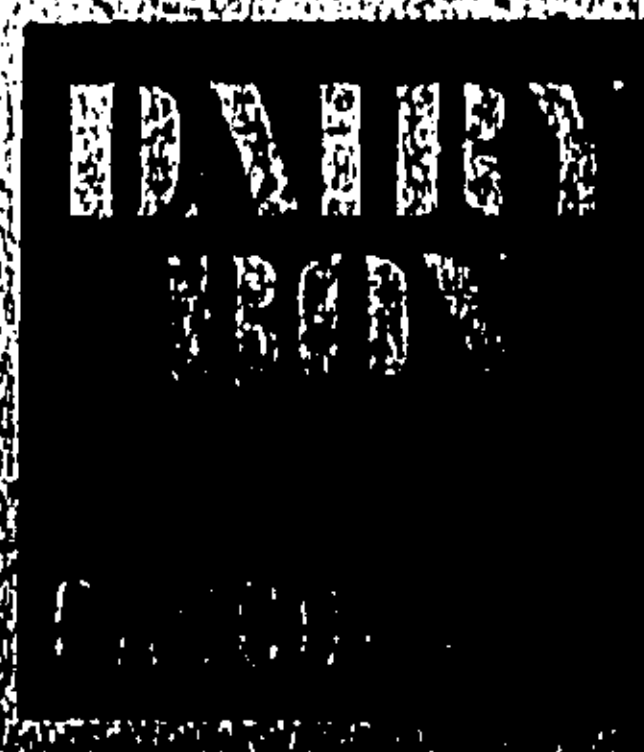
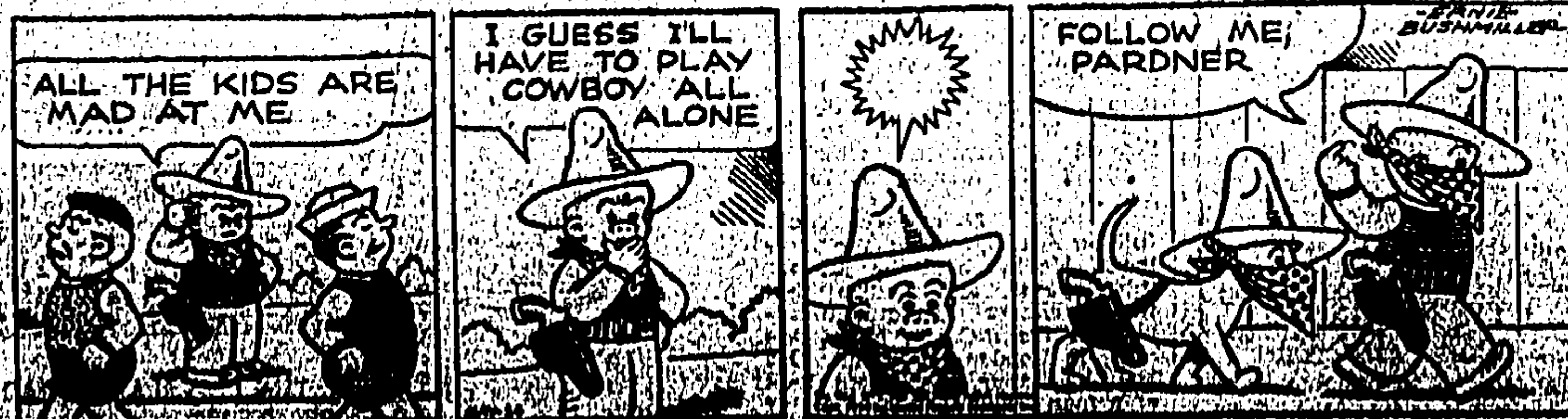
MERSEYSIDE'S United Nations Boys' Club holds week-end camps at Ness, Wirral, Cheshire. Irrespective of colour, class and creed, boys from overcrowded city areas are able to romp in the fresh air. Here Kenny Rhodes jumps between two friends, Kenny Ng Soo from China and Philip Francis from Nigeria. (Express)



FIELD-MARSHAL Earl Alexander, Minister of Defence (left), Major-General Sir Leslie Williams, Colonel-Commandant of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps (centre), and General Sir Ouvry L. Roberts, Quartermaster-General to the Forces, visiting the packing section of the Central Ordnance Depot at Chilwell, Nottingham, the largest and most important RAOC depot in the United Kingdom. (Army News)

## NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller









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can teach you about flying and there's no point in your mucking about not able to go solo.

"That's what I was sent here to find out, sir," Bader said. "Once I'm passed by you the medical board can decide on my flying category."

"All right," said the CFI. "I'll write and tell 'em."

The answer came back surprisingly quickly—a call for Bader to appear for another medical check, welcomed him. "Hallo, sir. Back again. Just a moment, sir and I'll get your file."

He was back with it shortly, saying: "You don't have to see the doctor after all, sir. Only the wing commander."

Good, Bader thought. Only a formality. He went into the

**SOUTH CHINA MORNING**  
HONG KONG & KOWLOON

# GROUNDED!

## So a jobless Bader leaves the RAF

**WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR...**

NOW WALKING normally on two metal legs and intent on getting back to his full flying status in the RAF, Douglas Bader is sent to the Central Flying School at Wittering for a report on his ability. Meanwhile he is not permitted to fly solo. At week-ends he drives to London and goes dancing with Thelma Edwards, the girl he met at the Pantiles, where she was working as a waitress at the time he was learning to walk again.

**REACH FOR THE SKY**

By PAUL BRICKHILL

**B**ACK at Wittering Bader was doing aerobatics again in a Bulldog as well as ever he had, though still irked by the compulsory presence of the instructor in the back cockpit.

Once or twice he arranged this affront to his dignity by brashly criticising the instructor's own aerobatics and giving him a few tips.

Bader's flying was so invariably immaculate that resumption of full flying duties seemed "in the bag." On the strength of that he traded in his M.G. for a later model that week, though it took the last penny out of his bank account.

### Quick reply

**T**HE Chief Flying Instructor sent for Bader and said: "Look, you're wasting your time up here. There's nothing more we can teach you about flying and there's no point in your mucking about not able to go solo."

"That's what I was sent here to find out, sir," Bader said. "Once I'm passed by you the medical board can decide on my flying category."

"All right," said the CFI. "I'll write and tell 'em."

The answer came back surprisingly quickly—a call for Bader to appear for another medical check, welcomed him. "Hallo, sir. Back again. Just a moment, sir and I'll get your file."

He was back with it shortly, saying: "You don't have to see the doctor after all, sir. Only the wing commander."

Good, Bader thought. Only a formality. He went into the

wing commander's office and the man with the detached professional air behind the desk said: "Ah, Bader, nice to see you again. Sit down, will you?"

He sat, waiting equably for the good news. The wing commander cleared his throat and glanced at some papers on his desk. Clearing his throat again he said: "I've just been reading what the Central Flying School says about you. They say you can fly pretty well."

Bader waited politely. "Unfortunately," the wing commander went on, "we can't pass you fit for flying because there's nothing in King's Regulations which covers your case."

For a moment it didn't sink in, and then a cold feeling slowly spread through him. He sat in stunned silence for a few more moments and then found his voice: "But of course there's nothing in King's Regulations, sir. That's why I was sent to CFS. To see if I could fly. They were the only ones who could give a ruling. I mean doesn't that fit the case?"

The wing commander cleared his throat again. "I'm sorry, I'm very sorry indeed, but I'm afraid not. We've thought about it a lot and I'm afraid there's nothing we can do about it."

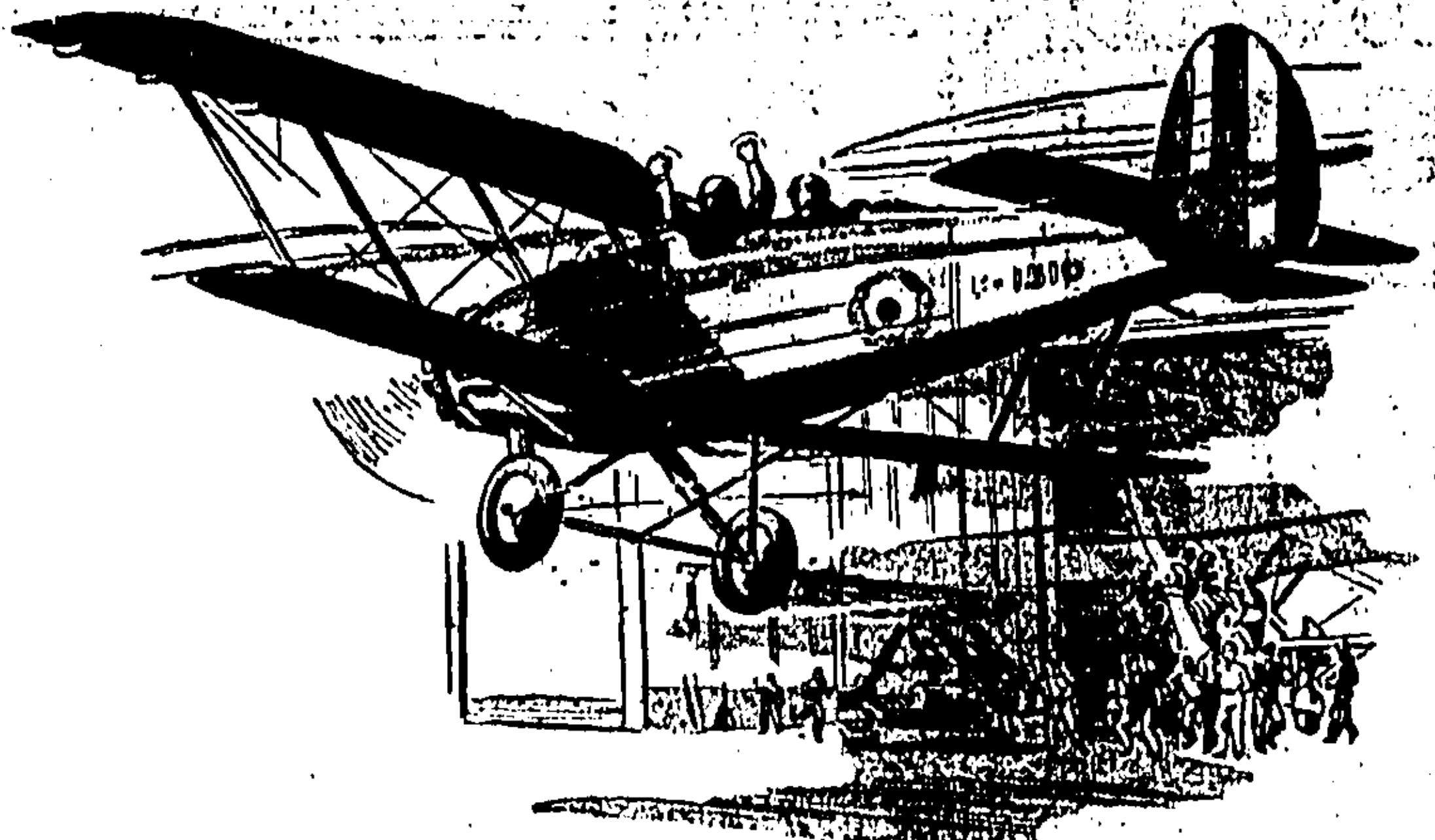
Forgetting discipline, Bader flared angrily: "Well, why the hell did you send me there to be tested?"

Embarrassed, the wing commander said apologetically: "Well, you were very keen to have a shot and I'm just terribly sorry it turned out like this."

Too sick with disappointment and anger to argue any longer, he pushed himself to his feet, said stiffly, "Thank you very much, sir," and stomped out.

A week later—it was November now—he was posted to Duxford, a fighter station some 40 miles north of London in Cambridgeshire, where he found 19 Squadron flying Bulldogs, some instructors training the Cambridge University Air Squadron, and a precise, immaculate wing commander in charge of the station, who said: "Glad to have you here, Bader. You're taking over the motor transport section."

The job was simple enough; not much more than sitting in a little office all day drinking tea, signing chits and giving orders about lorries. He knew several of the squadron pilots and he thought it would not be difficult to talk them into giving him some flying.



The pilots watching by the hangar saw the aircraft come down with Cox's arms ostentatiously held high to demonstrate that Bader was doing the flying.

Officially he was still classed as "General Duties," the flying branch, and stubbornly he felt there might still be a chance of getting an airborne job—how, he didn't know. They asked if he would like to be reclassified "Administrative" or "Equipment," and he said no. Vaguely unhappy, he soon knew that he could never stay in the RAF doing a ground job because his unhappiness came from watching others flying.

### Grin faded

**H**E became friendly with Joe Cox, one of the instructors training the Cambridge undergraduates, and one December day one of the wing commander's men up in the hangar saw the aircraft come down with Cox's arms ostentatiously held high to demonstrate that Bader was doing the flying.

They were discussing it in the mess one night when Cox said, "Look, come out and watch Douglas do a tarmac landing tomorrow. (Tarmac landings consisted of coming in slowly and with such fine judgment that the aircraft touched down on the short tarmac apron and stopped before running on to the grass. They were not officially approved of and therefore unpopular.)

Towards the end of April he was sent for by Squadron Leader Sanderson, CO of 19 Squadron and acting station commander in the senior man's absence.

Sanderson had been adjutant at Kenley before Bader lost his legs, and when the young man walked into his office and saluted, the good-natured Sanderson said: "Douglas, this is the worst thing I've ever had to do in the Air Force. I've just received a letter from Air Ministry... here, you'd better read it yourself." He passed the letter across. Bader took it and read:

Subject: Flying Officer D. R. S. Bader.

(1) The Air Council regrets that in consequence of the results of this officer's final medical board he can no longer be employed in the General Duties Branch of the Royal Air Force.

(2) It is suggested therefore that this officer revert to the retired list on the grounds of ill health.

(3) A further communication will be sent in respect of the date of his retirement and details concerning his retired pay and disability pension.

Sanderson said: "I'm terribly sorry, Douglas."

"That's all right, sir," he said, and after a while he saluted and stomped out. There did not seem anything else to say. In a way he had been expecting it but it was still a shock and left him with an odd numb feeling. Shortly it began to seep through that he would soon be unemployed, possessing no skill that he could profitably use and unable only so long as he could afford to buy petrol for the MG.

## Where Railwaymen Must Salute

By DAVID LAIDLAW

**I**T is usual to assume that, however much discontent a given set of working conditions may evoke, there will always be some who are satisfied. The railway system of the Communist countries are an exception to this rule. For literally no one is satisfied—neither the Party nor the public, and certainly not the railway workers themselves. Every month this becomes more obvious.

In the past few years there has been a spate of troubles in the East European railway systems, with frequent reports of accidents and so-called acts of sabotage. This is understandable in view of the heavy strain put upon them in the carriage of goods to and from Russia.

### Running Slowly

It would appear from reports, however, that the Russian system is also very unsatisfactory. At an All-Union Conference of Railway Workers, held from May 4 to May 11, 1954, L. M. Kaganovich, First Deputy Chairman of the USSR Council of Ministers, strongly criticised the Soviet railway system for having failed "for years" to fulfil its loading plans.

He also said that passenger trains run more slowly in 1953-54 than before the war, and that accidents had been taken as a matter of course, so that measures to eliminate them were put in hand only after they had occurred. He announced a new schedule which would be a "mighty weapon" to compel bad

workers to do better and cut out "unwarranted idling."

This forthright speech has been followed by similar pronouncements in the satellite states. In Czechoslovakia, the Minister of Transport recently declared that the shortcomings of the railways had inflicted heavy damage on the national economy. He announced a new decree which imposes greater responsibilities on all railway workers.

### Hostility

In Hungary, said a refugee railway official, "one of the main reasons for accidents is the flood of instructions and decrees with which stationmasters have to deal." This is a contributory factor, no doubt; but there also appears to be very marked hostility between the Communist authorities and the workers.

Viewed from a distance, the situation has its comic aspect. Another Hungarian refugee has given news of a ministerial warning delivered earlier this year to railwaymen who misuse their uniforms and fail to salute properly.

"I have spoken over and over again," said the Minister of Transport, "about railway employees in uniform not behaving like soldiers." In place of the soldierly salute many just about a greeting. If the man in a uniform is wearing a cap he should turn his eyes towards the person entitled to the salute. No word should pass."

One can imagine some of the words that did pass—so it

voice—when the unsoldierly railwaymen read this order.

It seems that women railway employees are backsliders. "The way in which they turn out," the Minister went on wrathfully, "is impossible. With a uniform blouse they put on a civilian skirt, and add a hat... it is intolerable that they should wear fashion shoes and impossible coloured stockings with their uniforms." The Minister added: "The slightest contravention of the regulations must be censured and punished."

Those who are inclined to accept Communist criticism of railway workers' conditions in the West at its face value should themselves reflect upon the working conditions of railwaymen in the Communist countries, and upon the military-mindedness of the authorities that issue orders of the kind described in the preceding paragraph. Can we believe all this semi-martial discipline is necessary for "peace," about which the Communist Party talks so incessantly? Are railroads not the veins and arteries of war?

### Tragic Aspect

The situation also has its tragic aspect. It is not long since Budapest Radio announced simultaneously the "trial" and execution of a railway employee and news of an accident he was alleged to have caused through carelessness three days earlier. An immediate protest was made by the International Transport Workers' Federation, who pointed out that no proper inquiry could have been held in so short a period.

Not was this an isolated incident. To arrest and sentence railwaymen immediately after an accident appears to be the normal thing. Sometimes, however, the charge is not carelessness, but treason and espionage. This is evidently so when active resistance is involved. Thus an "anti-State group" of Czech railwaymen was charged in the Spring of 1954 with trying to dislocate railway traffic, the alleged leader receiving the death sentence.

### Scapegoats

In East Germany, where the railway system is notoriously bad owing to dismantling and overloading, a number of railwaymen were recently arrested for what the East German news agency described as espionage and sabotage on behalf of the "West Berlin branch of the American Intelligence Service." Railway personnel were asked to be vigilant and to co-operate in "thwarting such dangerous agents."

Some of these men have no doubt been made scapegoats for the Party's sins. With as much certainty, we can say that there is no love lost between the Communists and those they claim to stand for. There is bitter working class opposition to Soviet rule in all the satellite countries.

At the Czechoslovak Party Congress, Novotny, First Party Secretary, complained at what he called "false solidarity" among transport workers. Yet in the resistance which from time to time shows itself, like a flash from a hidden fire, there is a sign of that true solidarity for which railway workers are renowned all over the world.

### 'Read it yourself'

**H**E drove down to see Thelma and told her. "But you could still stay in the group, couldn't you?" she asked.

He said bluntly: "I suppose I could, but I won't. It's no good being in the Air Force unless you're of it, and as far as I'm concerned you're not of it unless you're flying."

"Do you have any idea as to what you'd like to do?"

"Frankly," he said, "no."

He took her out to dinner, and they sat close together. After a silence he said obliquely: "I'm not much of a proposition for anyone, you know. No legs. No job. No money."

"Don't worry," she said. "We'll make out. I could always make a few pennies at the Pantiles."

There was not much more said than that. No blunt question. No blunt answer. Just a delicate understanding that sent him back to Duxford, quietly happy, knowing he was not alone.

Shortly another letter came from the Air Ministry: impersonal but not unkind, granting him £100 a year total disability pension and £99 10s a year retired pay. That was not too bad in those days—at least for someone content to exist quietly. Bader wasn't.

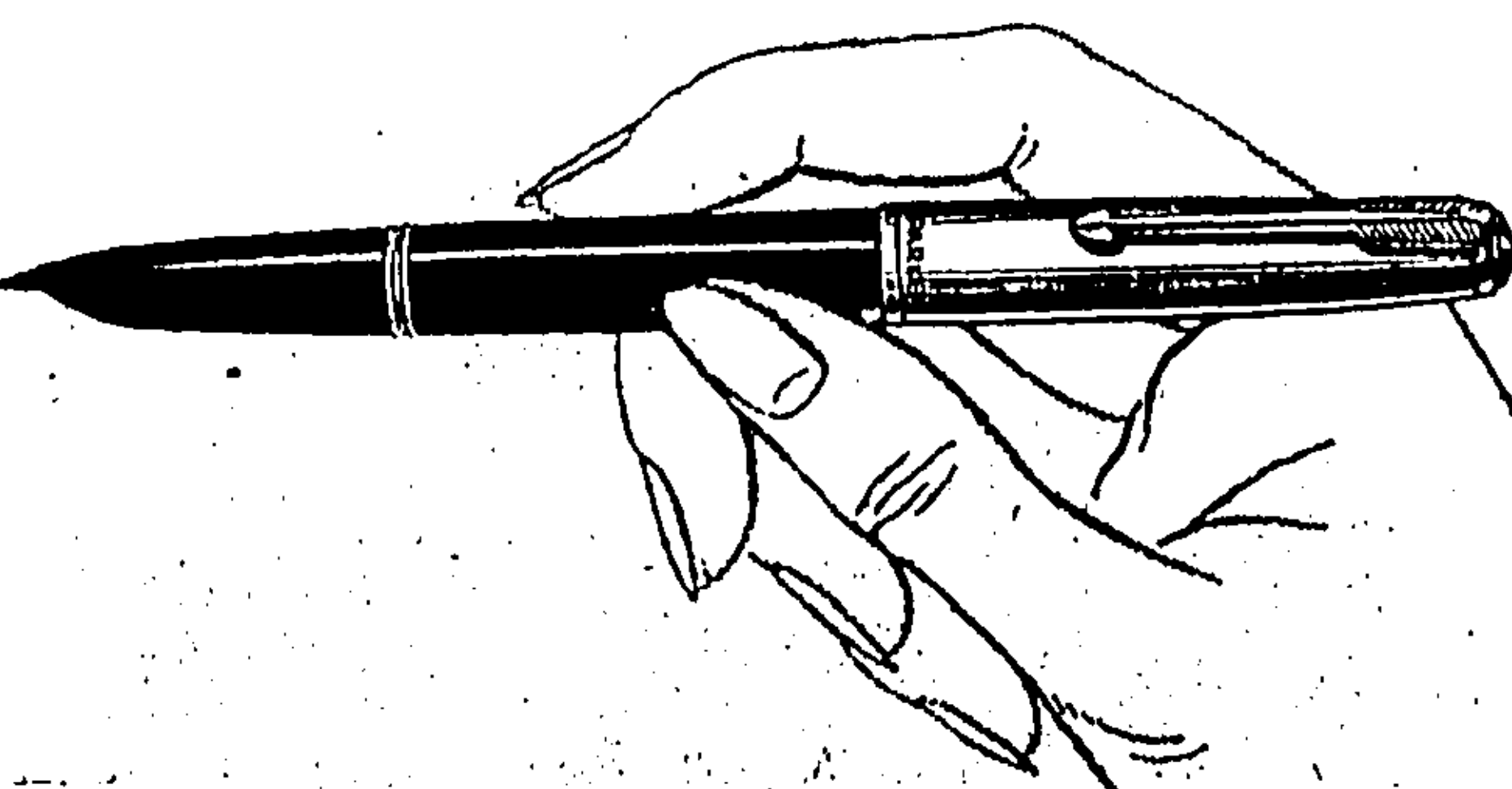
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"Reach for the Sky," by Paul Brickhill, is published by Collins.

Next Wednesday: "I suppose we can start thinking of getting married now," said Bader.

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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis





# CONCLUDING EX-KING PETER'S STORY

Just after the invasion of Normandy in June 1944, King Peter and Dr Subasic, his Premier, flew to Malta in Mr Churchill's York air liner to arrange a meeting with Tito. Subasic went on without the King. Subasic returned on June 20 and reported to King Peter that Tito was willing to co-operate with the London Government, and to send a representative from his National Liberation Movement.

I NOTICED a change in Subasic and was conscious that Tito had some hold over him. It has since been recalled that as Ban of Croatia it was his duty to release all political prisoners just before the Germans took over. He failed to do so and the Communists among the prisoners were shot by the Germans. I visited Rome where Pope Pius XII warned me to take care in dealing with the Communists in my own country.

We returned to London, which was being bombed by "doodle bugs."

In mid-August Subasic met Tito in Vis, and returned with him to Italy, where they were joined by Churchill. The three went on to Rome together. Subasic had had no warning that Churchill was to join us with them. Churchill told me he had found Tito agreeable and very polite, if with an undercurrent of arrogance.

I could no longer ignore the fact that my continued support of Mihailovich exclusively would be a romantic folly, and would lead to civil war. I agreed to broadcast to Yugoslavia.

All I could do was to tone down the presentation of Tito as a lone hero, and say not a word against Mihailovich.

An agreement signed on November 1 by Tito and Subasic stated:

In order to avoid any possible tension of relations in the country, we agreed that King Peter II. shall not return to the country until the people have pronounced their decision in this respect, and that in his absence the Royal power should be wielded by a Regency Council.

Later Subasic signed an agreement with Tito which stated:

"H.M. King Peter II. can dispose of his estates and property in absence."

"Regular intercourse between H.M. the King and the Regency Council will be established and guaranteed."

On New Year's Day I sent the following rather pathetic letter to Uncle Bertie:

"I am sending you a copy of a letter I wrote to Mr Churchill. Please help me to make him understand my point of view. I cannot act against my oath to the Constitution."

"I know this is right and wise and will avoid a lot of trouble in the future, and will safeguard my people from untold miseries. I feel very hurt at the moment as it does not look as if I am given a fair chance."

"I did not bargain in the dark days of 1940 when I came in on this side unhesitatingly."

ON January 9, 1945, Churchill accused me of complicating the war effort with my insistence on the Constitution. Indeed this was a bad time for the British. The Rundstedt offensive on the Western Front was a particular cause for concern.

On January 15 I wrote to Churchill:

"It would be extremely grateful if no mention was made in Parliament on Yugoslavia at present. This would enable my efforts to have effect. But if any question should arise, please do not run me down in Parliament."

Mr Churchill's speech in the House of Commons on January 18 was a great shock to me:

"It is," he said, "a matter of days within which an agreement must be reached upon this matter, and if we are so unfortunate as not to obtain the consent of King Peter, the

matter will have to go ahead, his assent being assumed."

"We have no special interest in the political regime which prevails in Yugoslavia. Few people in Britain, I imagine, are going to be more cheerful or more downcast because of the future constitution of Yugoslavia."

On January 20 I wrote to Mr Churchill:

"As you know, I never authorised Dr Subasic to make a definite agreement in my name, and I do not know how it can be presumed that he, as the Prime Minister of the Royal Yugoslav Government, without my consent, could do anything binding upon me."

"I cannot agree that my consent could be presumed. It would be very painful to me to find that I would have to be obliged to protest against this."

"I could not admit such a presumption on the part of the Royal Yugoslav Government seeing that it came into power constitutionally because it enjoyed my confidence."

"I would also like to point out to you that all the other members of my Government have also confirmed to me in audience that they also were kept in the dark during the negotiations of Dr Subasic prior to this draft agreement."

King Peter had urged Tito suggesting that they meet Tito's reply, through Subasic, asked the King for his prompt acceptance of the Tito-Subasic agreement and asked that the Government come at once to Yugoslavia. King Peter dismissed his Government.

YUGOSLAVIA was very much on the agenda at the Yalta Conference in February. The Russians were advancing rapidly. Roosevelt was anxious that Russia should enter the war against Japan and was most eager to placate Stalin.

There was a considerable tension between the President and Churchill because of the British fight against the Communists in Greece. These factors combined to incline Roosevelt to give way to Stalin even with the opposition of Churchill's sager point of view. The fact that Roosevelt was by now a very sick man did not improve his diplomacy.

On hearing the decisions of the Big Three that the Tito-Subasic agreement must go through with all speed, I realised that I must trust my fate to their guarantee.

On March 9 I chose as Regents: Dr Srdjan Budisavljevic, the Serbian member; Dr Ante Mandic, the Croat member; and Ing. Dusan Sernee, the Slovene member.

King Peter wrote a long letter on his country's troubles to Mr Churchill, in which he suggested the seven or eight members, which caused much confusion, should be replaced by one, backed by the Western Powers.

CHURCHILL'S answer came on May 8, the day of the German capitulation. It concluded:

"We have indeed done everything in our power to influence evolution in Yugoslavia in the manner we thought right. But I cannot conceal from Your Majesty that events so far have disappointed my best hopes and that there is much which is happening in Yugoslavia that I regret but am unable to prevent."

I attended a thanksgiving service at St Paul's. As I was leaving I encountered Winston Churchill on the steps. I congratulated him on the victory to which he had contributed so magnificently, though I could not help wishing that the end of the war had not left me in such a hopeless position.

Churchill murmured a few words of conciliation. He said: "Things in Yugoslavia are not going so well as we expected—unfortunately there's not much we can do about it yet."

News from Yugoslavia became more and more alarming. On June 21 I wrote to my Regents in Belgrade:

"You have been representing me for already a quarter of a year. Although this period is a long time, and I am so unfortunate as not to obtain the consent of King Peter, the

and foreign political nature, you have neither kept me informed about the work I have entrusted you, nor have you consulted me on any question."

My son was born on July 17, 1945. Just before the birth I phoned to London to tell my Government's "Commission"—a group chosen to be present and thus verify the birth of my heir, to go to 41, Upper Grosvenor Street to await further news.

I then drove my wife to Claridges, and at 7.30 p.m. Dr Kavandis, my wife's Greek doctor, and Dr Gillot, the well-known specialist, were able to inform the committee that the birth of a child was imminent at Claridges in room 327.

AT 8 p.m. the Government Commission, made up of Dr Ruzar, Naval Captain Masuric, and Dr Davidovic, arrived at Claridges at 9.45 p.m. The Commission assisted at the birth. All went well, and at 9.20 p.m. the official statement was given out that H.M. the Queen had given birth to a son.

At 10 p.m. the Commission signed the statement.

An hour later the Rev. Fumilian Oskolovich, whom I had met at the Detroit Ravenna Church, and who had come over specially to be present at my son's birth, blessed the child and gave him a temporary name "Peter."

This "name-giving" is an old Serbian custom in case of the death of the child before the real christening.

After reading a speech in grave contradiction to the Agreement in Yugoslavia by Tito on August 7, I handed on August 8 my declaration to British, U.S.A., and U.S.S.R. Ambassadors to the effect that, in agreement with the old Yugoslav politicians in London, I declared myself self-acting King again. The situation had been farcical.

"In a message to the Regents, I stated:

"It is clear to me that the Regency has been unable to fulfil the constitutional role for which I appointed it. I have, therefore, decided to abolish the Regency. I thank you for your effort in doing what I know was your best in the fulfilment of your difficult duties."

WHEN the Russians entered Yugoslavia they proceeded to disarm and imprison Chetnik forces. During 1945 and the early months of 1946, Mihailovich was hunted as a traitor and collaborator.

He was at last taken, "tried" by Communists and put to death in the summer of 1946, when I did all I could in my fight for his release.

The trial was a pathetic copy of what we have come to expect from Communist trials. The old dishevelled man with his grey beard sadly confessed that he was a criminal, a murderer, a collaborator, everything that they told him to say.

Mihailovich's death is now widely recognised as one of the last and most disgraceful of the crimes in World War II.

The years after the war are memorable because of the meetings I had with the sadly diminishing royal family of Europe.

This royal family, now reduced to six crowned heads, seven including myself, was once a glittering cavalcade of majesty; so impressive indeed that Queen Victoria made an edict that in future British coronations should not be attended by crowned heads.

THAT was why I was not at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.

Along with an enthusiastic Paris I saw that magnificent film, "Queen is Crowned." It thrilled me. Franco, I believe, was most stirred by it. Spain shrugged shoulders and said: "So!"

That is interesting because Spain is a country which is a monarchy without a monarch. I believe that General Franco would like to be Regent, with the son of Don Juan on the throne. That is my own opinion, but it may be an historic pointer.

# WINSTON CHURCHILL GIVES ME A SHOCK

I saw General Franco in 1950 at the summer residence of the former king, just outside Madrid. It is a big, rambling Spanish white house surrounded now by barracks. At its gates were Franco's Moorish guards, fine men in resplendent uniforms.

I attempted to take a photograph of them, but one of my two plain-clothes guards tore the camera out of my hand and said: "No, you must not do that; they would kill you. They would think you were putting the evil eye on them."

Franco himself I saw in his quarters but beautifully furnished office. It is a large, slightly sombre room with never a paper out of place on the desk of Spanish oak.

Franco is a small man but he has a big personality. I never saw him smile once throughout our talk but I could not forget his eyes, bright, piercing, looking out of a face rather than sad, mask of a face. He looked like a professional poker player, although more distinguished. He was immaculately dressed in dark clothes with a pearl grey tie.

We spoke through an interpreter, Franco's Chief of Protocol, the Conde de las Torres, who speaks beautifully in English, French, German, Russian, and almost every other tongue but Chinese, so he told me. At first we spoke in French but later found that English was more mutually agreeable.

WE had about 24 hours together. I found that Franco knew as much about the affairs of my country as I did myself.

I wanted to change my envoy in Madrid and to have released some funds which had been frozen in Spain, in order that my representative could live in Madrid.

I got permission to change my envoy, and my funds were released.

I was kept very busy helping to get Yugoslav prisoners of war, escapees, and others, resettled in countries where they could find a way of livelihood and get them out of displaced persons camps which were all over Europe.

Just before the declaration of the Republic and my denunciation of the Regency, I went to visit the Council of Liberated Prisoners of War who had refused to go back to Yugoslavia.

I visited Osnabruck in the British Zone of Germany, where there were about 30,000, and another camp where there were mostly officers and a good proportion of generals. They did not like a Communist regime and were still loyal to the monarchy.

These men also dreamed that the Allies would soon arm them and equip them to fight Tito.

I still used to get in a certain amount of flying, usually from Fairbanks aerodrome near Woking in my Cessna Crane, which had been given to me by President Roosevelt.

I made quite a number of trips with my instructor, Gerald Payne, a squadron leader in the R.A.F. to Norwich, to the Lake District, the Isle of Man. Once or twice my wife came with me, but she does not like flying; it makes her ill.

ABOUT a month before my son was born my wife became concerned that the birth was overdue. Someone told her that a trip in an aircraft would accelerate the birth. So I took her up in the Cessna Crane. We slipped about a bit at 10,000 feet (the prescribed altitude) and I did a few show-off tricks.

But nothing happened. The boy was born a month later as the doctors and I felt it would be.

Just about the time of the Mihailovich trial we had to give up our house in Upper Grosvenor Square, because the owner wanted to convert it into flats. So we moved to Claridges and we started looking round for an apartment.

I remember looking at a flat in Grosvenor Square, quite a small furnished flat. It was just the right size for a family of three, a nurse and a servant. We were asked 40 guineas a week.

It did come down in price later, but I understand it has rocketed up to 40 guineas again. After a disastrous round flat-hunt

ing we decided to spend a little time on the Continent. My wife wanted to see Paris, where she had lived most of her life.

So I applied to the French Embassy for a visa to my old Yugoslav diplomatic passport. There was quite a fuss. They delicately reminded me that my father had been shot on French soil, and they shuddered to imagine history repeating itself.

At length they agreed to give me a transit visa (I was going to Switzerland), and my wife, of course, could have her visa for France.

So my wife went to Paris on Bastille Day, 1946, and I followed later in the Cessna Crane, Gerald Payne flying it back.

I stayed in Paris one day and then motored to Switzerland. I went to Basle and Zurich. England was still in the austere period of rationing, and it was a shock to find plenty of butter, eggs and meat. I managed to make myself ill with the sudden change of diet.

WE stayed two months in St Moritz and then went back to Paris to the Ritz Hotel. I managed to get a two-month visa after a lot of difficulty.

I slipped over to London to attend to my affairs, and when I got back to Paris I was told: "We cannot have you here any longer. Your life is in danger. We have been advised that there are plots against your life—why not go to Monaco?"

It was quite useless telling them that it was quite easy for my enemies to get into Monaco. So we spent Christmas at Monte Carlo. It was bitterly cold, but without snow, which I love. We spent the rest of the winter in St. Moritz with my wife's mother.

By now I managed to get a straightforward visa, which enabled me to live for six months

in France, and it seemed that my home-hunting was over for we found an apartment in the King George V hotel.

We came to London in 1947 for the wedding of Princess Elizabeth, and stayed at Claridges—not in the old "Yugoslav" suite as we knew it but on the fifth floor, where we had Mrs Roosevelt for a neighbour.

THE wedding was quite a reunion for the royal families of Europe. It was good to see Michael of Rumania again, and to meet for the first time the Crown Prince of Denmark, now King Frederick, and to meet the Crown Prince of Sweden, now King Gustav.

I took Michael into a corner and told him:

"Look here, Michael, you will either be killed, or shamed very soon. Why don't you take your chance and stay here?" Michael agreed with me but said he had to try to clear up the mess.

A few months later he signed on the dotted line and got out.

In 1947 many Yugoslavs came over to Britain under the scheme of European voluntary workers, and there are still between eight and ten thousand of them engaged in agriculture in Britain. I used to come over from Paris three or four times a year to visit my people in their various hostels.

I have been to America several times, principally to obtain consent to unfreeze Yugoslav funds, and also to free money belonging to United States citizens.

In 1951 I made a trip which got me a lot of undesired publicity.

This was when the Press of the world printed stories that I had become a public relations counsellor, that I was sponsoring radio and television pro-

grammes, that I had become a car salesman.

You can imagine the relish of the headline sub-editors: "Broke King by Sell Motor Cars—King Sells Breakfast Food on Radio . . . etc."

But it wasn't true. A Parisian journalist named Santy recommended me to a public relations counsellor, Mr Roy de Groot, of Fifth Avenue, New York, to look after my publicity and to arrange a series of lecture tours.

Mr de Groot agreed and was negotiating lecture tours with universities and agencies.

I hoped that the lecture tours would pay for my visit to America, which was mainly concerned with the welfare of emigres who were settling down there.

Then Mr de Groot wanted me to sponsor things like ice cream and Cadillac cars on radio and television. I thought that was going too far, and said so.

Mr de Groot told me that in his business it was usual to pay at the beginning. He suggested a fee of \$10,000.

I HADN'T got \$10,000, and if I had I would not have invested it in this sort of business. Which made Mr de Groot annoyed.

He said: "You can make 10,000 dollars in ten days. All you do is escort a Senator through Tennessee and present him at his meetings."

I turned this down flat, pointing out that apart from any other good reason it would mean my mixing in politics. However, I did make one unpaid appearance, with my wife, on television. I was interviewed by a Mary Margaret McBride, who presents a breakfast programme. It was highly amusing. I have still got a record of the programme.

I never was a car salesman, but there was a suggestion that I should get in touch with the makers of a new type of sports model. I did not.

It might have been interesting because I love cars and I am mechanically minded. As a young and enthusiastic man I wanted to do something to earn my living and not just remain a useless politician.

But I returned to Paris to carry on the task of holding together the thousands of Yugoslav people who have voluntarily gone into exile rather than tolerate a regime which they dislike. Like them, I am a wanderer without a country. Like them I cherish a hope that one day I shall return.

MY last meeting with Farouk made his face turn red. During the war I was presented with two mobile radio transmitters by President Roosevelt in Cairo. I asked Farouk if he would store them in his huge garage at the palace in Cairo.

Not long ago I was offered \$80,000 for them by an American. I was anxious to turn these assets into dollars to help Yugoslav funds abroad. They could not be found. Farouk denied liability.

General Naguib discovered that Farouk had offered the transmitters to the Egyptian Army during the war with Israel. By now they were much used, worn and devalued. I am still trying to get compensation from Egypt.

Just after Christmas, Farouk and I met at a party in Paris given by the Hohenloes. When I was announced there was a slight embarrassment, and Farouk announced another engagement.

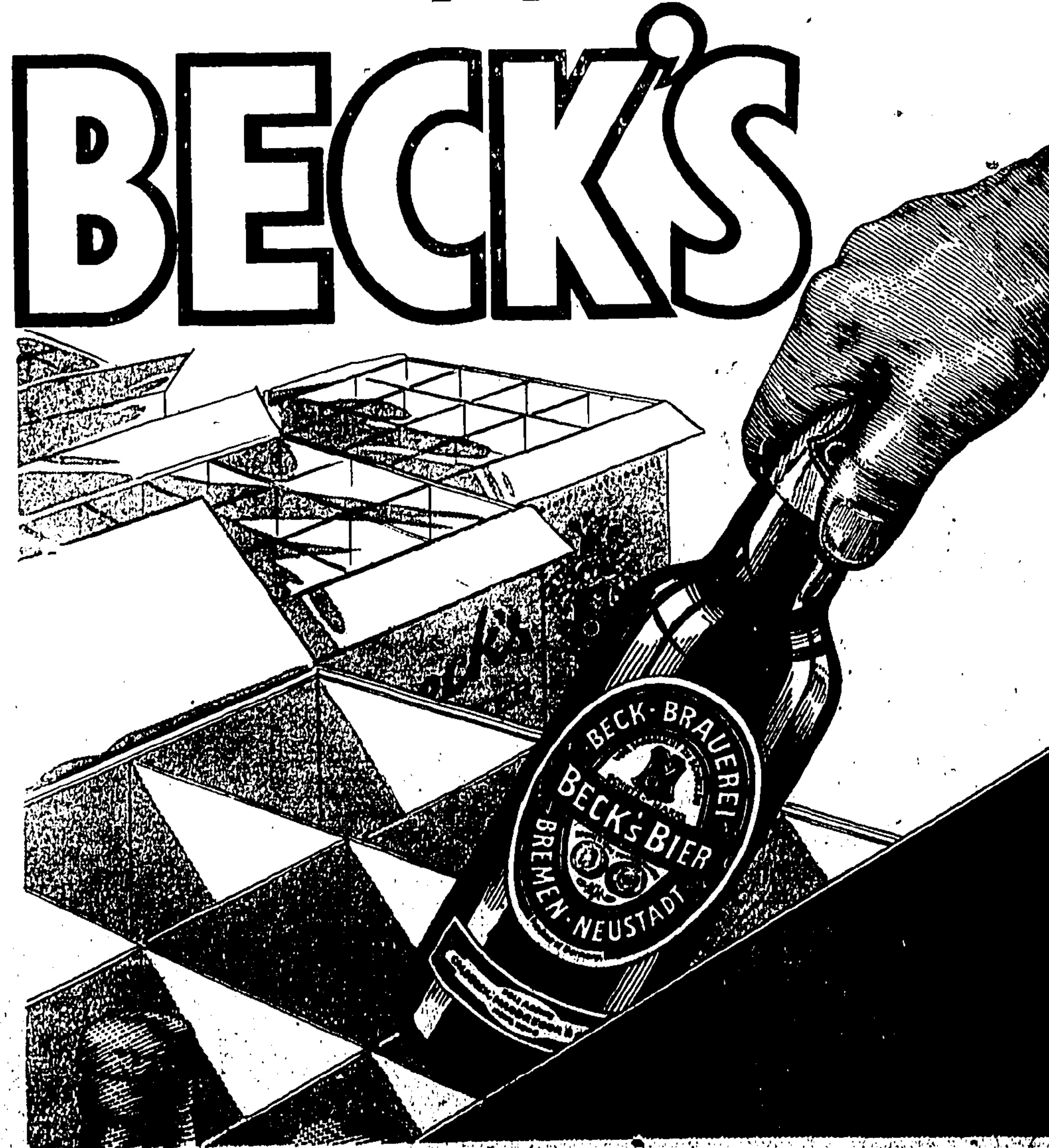
But it passed over. I did not mention my radios. Farouk lost his flush. He stayed.

Today my home is in Spain. At the moment of writing this I am looking for another home, a flat in Madrid. There I am a member of the Royal Aero Club, where I get in some occasional flying. It is my principal recreation.

When I am flying I can forget that I am a king. I can even forget to dream.

The End

More and more people are drinking



Sole Agents: CALBECK, MACGREGOR & CO., LTD.



## The Big Medical Claims Of Our Time

IT IS ALWAYS THE SAME STORY IN MEDICINE. Claims and counter-claims. First, the big build-up—then the second thoughts. Nearly all the "wonder drugs" of the modern generation have been through this process of claim and subsequent challenge. Consider names which began as laboratory labels and have now become almost as familiar as those on the bottles in the average medicine chest. The antibiotic group, for example.

By A MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT

AMERICAN ex-President Harry Truman has had his recent brush with death.

And when he lay gravely ill in Kansas City Research Hospital the Duke of Edinburgh was making a presentation to Sir Alexander Fleming to mark the 25th anniversary of the publication of his first paper on penicillin.

These two events are linked. For Harry Truman nearly died because he was given penicillin and two other antibiotics.

This was to make a simple surgical operation simpler and safer. But in his case the drugs had the opposite effect. The injections were stopped and Mr. Truman improved.

The case of ex-President Truman is not another where doctors have thought again on "wonder drugs".

Consider penicillin. It was first released in 1941, when it was hailed as a "miraculous" cure. It was used to treat almost everything from sore throats to pneumonia.

### Then failures

At first, it worked miracles. Then, surprisingly, there were failures. Worse still, there were cases where people died after a second injection.

Penicillin was challenged. Doctors probed the mystery and found the answers.

Even small doses of penicillin, taken for minor ailments, could sometimes build up resistance to the drug.

The deaths, they decided, were caused by a form of shock due to penicillin being given to people who, like Harry Truman, reacted violently to it.

The doctors became cautious. In Britain a law was passed to control the drug. And penicillin was established as the most successful of the antibiotics.

It was the sulpha drugs that first made doctors think again. In 1935 the Germans found that a well-known red dye, Prontosil, could check germs even in the body itself.

British scientists made and tested hundreds of compounds of the original drug. Sir Winston Churchill was cured of pneumonia by one of them in 1943.

Doctors prescribed them as freely as aspirin and sulpha treatment of wounds saved the lives of thousands of servicemen during the war.

But then doctors discovered that, like penicillin, sulpha drugs could kill. For the drugs can cause the rare and terrible disease—agranulocytosis—which wipes out the body's white blood cells.

Frequent blood checks, now routine in prolonged treatment with sulpha drugs, guard against this danger.

### Three new drugs

A few years after the Second World War three new American drugs astounded the medical world. In each case their discoverers claimed: "Better than penicillin."

In some respects they were. Take chloramphenicol. It could do what penicillin could not—kill typhus and typhoid microbes.

But it also sometimes killed the blood's red cells.

The doctors had second thoughts. An inquiry was held in America. And the instruction went out: "Use this drug with the greatest caution, and make frequent blood checks." Then there were "surveys" and "warnings." They were effective in dangerous cases in the treatment of the feverish "flu" but the doctors' hope for the success of

dangerous abdominal operations. But used too long, they were found to also destroy a healthy germ which makes a life-giving vitamin. Doctors learned to replace this vitamin artificially. And two other "wonder drugs" were added to the list of the life-savers.

All these claims and counter-claims for "wonder drugs" have taught doctors and scientists this: In the silent, eternal battle against disease, there is no such thing as an easy victory.

## Mr Flynn goes on record with a tra-la-la

By DAVID LEWIN

ERROL FLYNN made a record the other day. In the over-written history of Mr Flynn no mention has so far been made of his potential as a singer.

This is now being remedied. Mr Flynn turned up at a gramophone recording session to sing. (There he is on the left.)

It was in a temporary studio fitted up in a hall near Holborn, which Mr Flynn found was more often used for meetings of an Ethical Society.

Perhaps it was Herbert Wilcox, producer of Flynn's latest film, "Lilies in the Spring," who discovered his hidden talent. Said Wilcox:



IN FULL VOICE

ERROL FLYNN, with jacket off, records "Lily of Laguna" in a London hall. "Fighting a film battle in a studio jungle is easier," he said.

"We knew a great many things about Errol, but not that he could sing."

"Nice, rich voice he has, too. Better than Laurence Olivier's. We're not dubbing Errol in the film—he sings for himself now." (Olivier also sang for Wilcox—in "The Beggar's Opera.")

So Mr Flynn put it on record as well, and in the hall faced an orchestra of 28 men plus a chorus of eight. They played a skilful modern arrangement of "Lily of Laguna."

"The first run-through is just to get the balance right," said Norman Newell, in charge of the gramophone recording. Flynn, surrounded by three friends, took his part off with a relaxed intensity.

"Which key do you want in?" I asked him. "I wouldn't know," said Flynn.

The orchestra went through Laguna again. In the middle of the hall was a wooden hut, looking like an outside packing case—in which was housed the rhythm section: banjo, guitar, and drums. The hut was built to increase and separate the sound they made.

Flynn stood near the wooden hut and sang the words from sheet music. "E Flynn" said the pianist, "Somebody's flat," said Flynn.

He loosened his tie and sang "Lily of Laguna" again in what might be described as a hazy baritone. After an hour's work he was well in time with the orchestra.

A SERIOUS weakness in the statisticians' argument that smoking causes lung cancer has been detected independently by two doctors.

After re-examining the statistics they have found that the figures "prove" just as strongly that smoking protects the body from all other kinds of cancer.

So a man's chances of dying from cancer of one kind or another are the same whether he smokes or not.

In a Medical Research Council inquiry into the deaths of 799 doctors, Professor Bradford Hill and Dr Richard Doll, who are medical statisticians, found that 36 who contracted lung cancer were regular smokers. They argued that this was "significant" evidence of a link between smoking and the disease, because not more than 32 should have died of this complaint according to the "laws of chance."

The announcement of this finding caused a temporary slump in tobacco shares. Now Dr Roy Fairweather has shown that the death rate from all other types of cancer was higher among the non-smoking doctors than the "laws of chance" predicted. There were 18 deaths from this cause, instead of an expected 10.

"This would justify a conclusion that smoking in some way protects the individual from other cancers," he points out in the British Medical Journal.

In the meantime, during which Flynn sang a colourless ballad from a play, he said "I have no opinion on this sort of thing. I'm nervous. Fighting in a studio jungle is easier."

At the end of the morning the music side of the record was perfect. It was decided then that Mr Flynn should continue the session in private—without the orchestra. "His voice has a peculiar quality that might be better recorded alone," said Norman Newell.

So Flynn sang alone and his voice was dubbed on to the already recorded band. Now he has the other side of the record to make. This will feature a duet with Anna Neagle singing Queen Novello's "We'll Gather Lilies."

On this side it is intended that Miss Neagle shall cope with most of the vocal part. Mr Flynn will handle his contribution in a more conversational style.

## The Chapman Pincher Column:

# SMOKING CAN PROTECT YOU, SAY THESE DOCTORS

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"This would justify a conclusion that smoking in some way protects the individual from other cancers," he points out in the British Medical Journal.

In this way, he thinks that, like the apparent link between smoking and lung cancer, this conclusion is wrong because it is based on a quirk of statistics. "If one collects the figures for all cancers, then the expected deaths become the same for both smokers and non-smokers," he says.

The figures seem to show that a smoker is more liable to get cancer in the lungs but he gets the compensation that he is less liable than the non-smoker to get it elsewhere. Dr Fairweather believes that smokers have been needlessly alarmed on the evidence so far available. He is supported by Dr Geoffrey Loxton, of St Bartholomew's Hospital, London, who has reached similar conclusions independently.

"Non-smoking is associated with a greater mortality from all cancers than moderate smoking," he writes in the British Medical Journal.

"It would be a tragedy if, as a result of the fine work that

has gone into this problem, many moderate smokers transfer themselves to the category of non-smokers associated with a higher death rate from cancer."

### A Cup Of Tea

A GOOD strong cup of tea after a heavy meal may do more to relieve your indigestion than any stomach powder.

After the most elaborate experiments ever made to discover the precise effects of tea on digestion, they claim:

1 TEA TONES UP the stomach muscles which tend to get "floppy" when overloaded with a large meal. Any heavy meal, especially one containing much starchy food, leaves the stomach softer when it is followed by a cup of tea.

2 TEA MAKES the stomach no more acid than a cup of hot water does, so it cannot be

harmful even to people with duodenal or stomach ulcers.

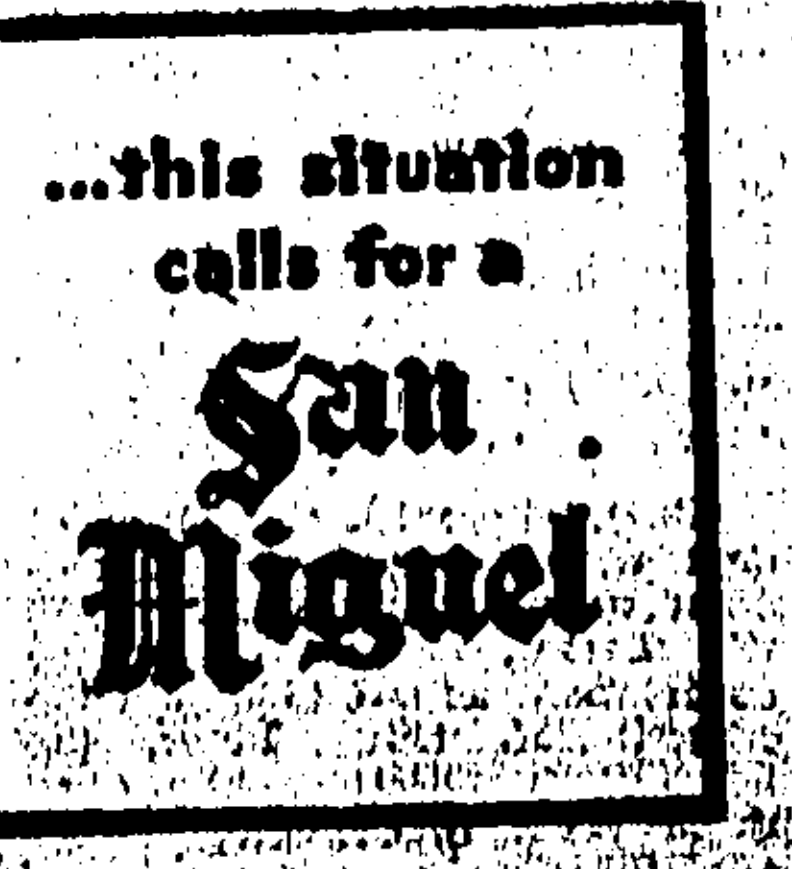
3 TEA'S TANNIN, which was once believed to harden the stomach lining, is really harmless because its action is neutralised by another substance in tea—the stimulant caffeine.

Five doctors, led by Dr Wilmer Wirts, made the tests on 118 people including "patients" with digestive upsets, at a Philadelphia hospital. The caffeine takes several minutes to produce its anti-acid effect. But psychological tests show that a "cuppa" unaccountably gives some degree of "lift" from the first sip.

★ THE LOVE-CALL of the male grasshopper is so perfectly imitated by Dr W. Lohr, a French scientist, that female grasshoppers fly to his lips when he starts chirping.

He has proved his prowess to his colleagues by showing a colour-film of himself in action at a Paris conference of grasshopper fanciers.

## JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a San Miguel

THE MAESTRO OF MODERN MUSIC BLOWS IN WITH A HOT THEME

## MY KIND



## OF JAZZ

IT'S FUN—if you care to take it seriously

by HUMPHREY LYTTELTON

THE idea of getting enjoyment or recreation out of making music is not a new one—it's almost as old as Man himself. But nowadays it's out of fashion.

In this neat modern world music is the preserve of "professional musicians," who take it up as others take up banking or the boot and shoe trade.

If our pipes burst we send for a plumber to fix them. If we feel the urge to dance we call for a musician to provide the music. Thanks to the radio and the gramophone music is now on tap like water and electricity. It's all very tidy and very depressing.

Making music for yourself is fun, as anyone knows who has tried it seriously. (And you have to be serious with your fun.) But people who live in towns and cities today are handicapped by not having any music to play.

Like music, where it ever existed, is gone beyond recall. Tin Pan Alley off-the-peg dance music offers little. Indifference to the amateur "serious" music is much too technical and intellectual. Can you see yourself letting off musical steam by grabbing a violin and rattling off a bit of Bartok or Hindemith?

### The start

THIS leads me right up to my favourite hobby—horse, which is the theory that jazz is the amateur music of today. It began as a local folk music.

In New Orleans at the start of the century, men like Buddy Bolden the barber, Bunk Johnson the truck driver, and Lorenzo Tio the cigar-maker taught themselves to play instruments so that they could make music for their local functions—parades, picnics, and carnivals.

Since then, the musical language which emerged from their fumbblings has spread by way of the gramophone all over the world from America to Britain and Europe and right down to Australia.

I had news recently of New Orleans-style bands flourishing on the Gold Coast, which should give the anthropologists something to get their teeth into.

In Britain now, most of our large cities and towns have one or more established jazz bands and countless satellite—there's the Merseyside Jazz Band in Liverpool. The Saints in Manchester, Sandy Brown's Band in Edinburgh, the Avon City Band in Bristol, and so on.

### Absurd?

SOME people, even within the jazz fraternity, regard it as absurd that bank clerks and shop assistants in Wimbledon or Bournemouth should be playing the music of the Negro section of New Orleans. And so it is, on the face of it.

But the fact is that they do play it, not for fame or fortune or even bread and butter, but because they like it.

In its simplest forms, jazz provides a music which is within the reach of the keen amateur, and which gives him some scope for individual expression. I believe that is the chief reason for its present popularity. As Richard Murdoch would say, it fulfils a long-felt want.

ANY pet aversions? Yes—the self-styled "music-lover" who is convinced that jazz is a kind of sinister Fifth Column bent on overthrowing good music. I once played a record by music master at Eton College. He listened with a face. And at the end he said with the utmost conviction, "It was a terrible day for music when that stuff was allowed into the country."

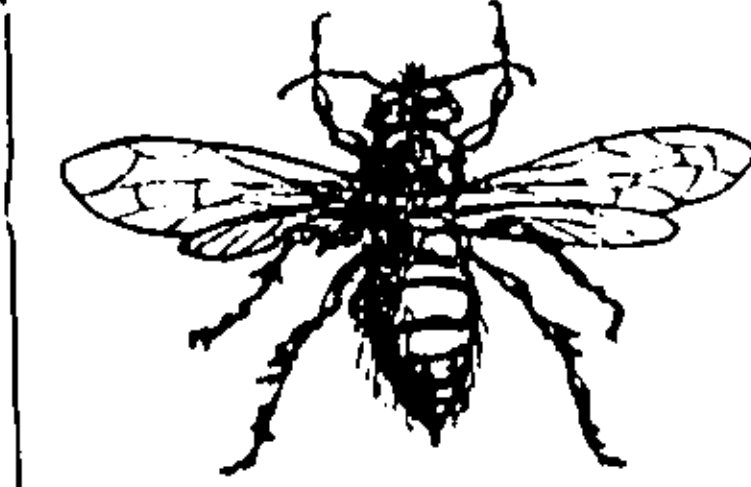
## NATURE'S POISON PUNCHES THE PIERCERS

By Ivan T. Sanderson  
Explorer, Naturalist, Author

THE man was stripped to the waist, and his sarong was knotted high about his thighs, for the tropical sun blazed from a cloudless sky. In his left hand he held a light, crooked stick with which to hook down the great palm fronds, and with his right he wielded a long, razor-sharp machete. His job was to clear the gully of its tangled vegetation to make way for the planting of young rubber trees. Others worked to right and left of him, hidden by the foliage.

Suddenly, the man let out a wild shout of warning, then he dropped his tools and ran. The man to his left ran, also, but a boy on the right was caught in the angle. As a result, he died in a deep coma three hours later. His body was swollen to almost twice its normal size.

What had happened was that the man who gave the warning had split open a papery grey ball about the size of a football that was hanging beneath a curved palm frond just about level



Fear of the giant hornet's lethal sting puts even the mightiest jungle animal to flight.

with his head. Immediately, a high-pitched buzzing filled the air and the man took off, knowing what this meant. He had split open a nest of giant black forest hornets.

In such an emergency, the huge insects take only a few moments to orientate themselves and organise the attack, then the whole swarm takes off in a long, streaming flight straight at the nearest living thing and, at a good forty miles an hour, dive-bomb it. Coming in singly or in groups, they land for only a second, drive their stings home, and then zoom off again.

They counted one hundred and thirty-six stings on the boy who was caught. Most were on the back of his neck, the most vulnerable spot of his body.

The almost endless hosts of insects are divided by scientists into two great groups—those that never have wings, of which there are three sub-groups, and those that have. The latter are divided into 23 sub-groups. About half of these sub-groups contain some species that can poison other animals, but the degree of poisoning varies from the almost unnoticeable irritation caused by the sting of small flies, like summer midges, to the possibly fatal—to man—sting of some of the giant tropical hornets.

The real stinging insects, and those which can cause the most harm to men and

beasts, are the females of certain groups of the highest order of insects known as the "diaphragm-winged ones." These are the bees, ants, hornets, yellow jackets, sawflies and others. Everybody knows these insects and, to a certain extent, what they can do with their stings, but few realise either how they do it or the extent to which they may do so.

The stings of these insects are carried at the back end of their bodies, and are really modified egg-laying devices. There are countless kinds that do not sting, yet they have "stings," but these are just hollow tubes or drills through which they pump their eggs into animals, plants or the earth.

Among those that do sting, the apparatus is converted into a strong, often barbed lance, through which poison can be squirted, and the eggs are simply dropped out of an opening at their base. This structure is exceedingly complicated.

The apparatus of the bee consists of a sort of stiff spear and two barbed needles. The latter ride along the former on tiny guide-rails, and the three spines together enclose a channel down which the poison is actually pumped by the piston-like motion of the two needles. The whole structure and action is really much more complicated than can be described in a few words, but the process is for the bee to jab the spear into your skin, and then pump the needles up and down, so forcing the poison into you.

The poison also is complex, being derived from two separate glands. One is an acid, the other an alkaline. It is deadly to small animals and produces death in larger ones, even though if enough of it is injected at one time. Of course, this amount varies not only with the number of stings you receive, but according to the insect that stings you.

There are enormous kinds of hornets in Africa that can paralyse a goat with a single sting and which put every animal, even the mighty elephant—to flight. Both these and several much smaller species found in the East Indies can kill the average man if he blunders on to one of their hanging nests and receives only a few stings at once.

But this is not all, for insects can poison you in still other ways. Most unexpected of all are those beautiful creatures—the butterflies and moths. First, there are several kinds of moths that in their early stages of development are furry caterpillars. Several of these have to be handled with the utmost caution because the soft hair from their back can penetrate the pores of your skin and set up a terrible irritation. Secondly, there are many butterflies and moths that have very strong tubular mouths which they roll up under their heads, but which can be unrolled—in one case to a length of ten inches—and used as hypodermics, to pierce the backs of plants.

It has been reported that one of these, living in Venezuela, may, if it alights upon you, unroll its hypodermic and pierce your skin by mistake, and give you a most awful sting. If this is true—and it has not been fully confirmed—it will undoubtedly be the most unexpected of Nature's poison punches.

By Frank Robbins



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



## You're On The Ball For Beauty

By Joseph Edmundson

HOW attractive a girl can look with golden tan and newest fashion swim-suit, as she runs down the beach and into the sea. Could she be YOU? But look at her later, coming out of the sea! Blue-limbed, goose-pimpled — just a forlorn girl with the shivers. Could that be YOU? Face it... it could. But it need not be, if you join Miss Zipp in these exercises designed to restore washed-out glamour. All you need is a beach ball — and here's how you begin.

Drop down into the crouch position, holding the ball with both hands (Fig. 1). Throw the

ball up behind you as high as possible, and before it drops to the ground turn round and catch it (Fig. 2). This is good for legs and tummy.

Next bend with legs astride and roll the ball as far forwards as you can, then roll it underneath your legs as far backwards as you can reach. Do this seven or eight times.

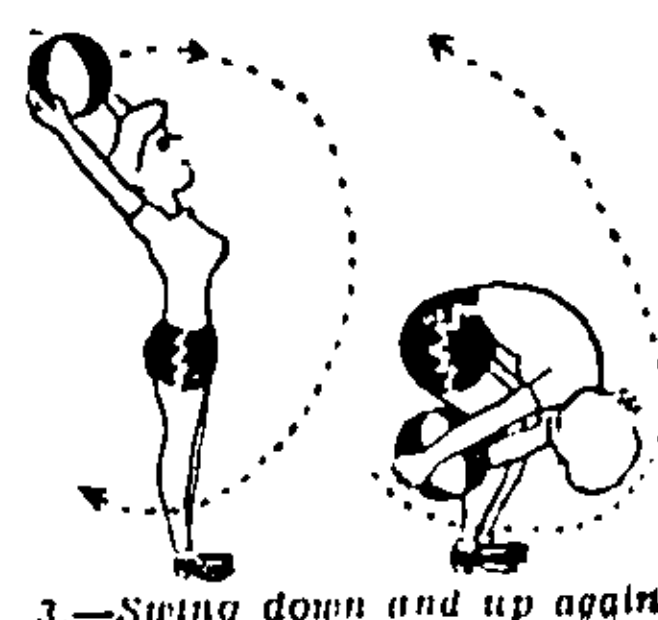
## The circle

Now, without changing your position, roll the ball on the ground round and round your body in as wide a circle as possible.

Then, keeping your feet still, roll it as far round to the left as you can reach. When you cannot go any further, swing your body round to the right and carry on rolling from where you left off.

Here is an exercise to help loosen up the shoulders (Fig. 3). Stand with feet together and hold the ball above your head at arms' length. Drop your arms

and at the same time let your trunk flop down and slightly bend your knees so that the ball



3.—Swing down and up again.

just brushes the sunlit outside of the left foot and then swings backwards a little past the legs.

From here swing upwards again until your arms are overhead and the ball is well behind the line of the shoulders.

Swing down again, but this time to the right-hand side. Gradually build up an easy rhythm and try to get a little "click" back as the arms reach the highest point overhead.

Your Holiday Doctor

## You'll feel fit after a dip, Mr. FLOP



SWIMMING is the ideal holiday exercise for Mr. FLOP, the man who keeps fit the take-it-easy way. It can be ideal for YOU too, if you obey some common-sense Do's and Don'ts.

DO get warm—but not too warm—BEFORE you go into the water. Cold water on a cold body doubles the risk of chill.

DO come out at the first signs of chilling—white knuckles, goose-pimples, the shivers. Half an hour in the water is enough for most men; a shade longer for women.

DO get warm immediately after a swim—with hot drinks and beach games.

DON'T go into the water within an hour of a heavy

meal. Most drowning fatalities occur NOT through cramp, but through fainting, caused by the digestive system taking blood from the head.

DON'T overdo your sun-bathing afterwards. Dry skin on the skin increases risk of burning.

DON'T stay in a wet swimsuit or trust to the sun to dry you. Rub down vigorously to restore circulation.

DON'T trust a child's judgment of how cold he is in the water. Children may be poor judges of chilling and may want to stay in long after it is wise.

Dr. ARTHUR CHESBY

Clothes designed to achieve comfort and

## GLAMOUR FOR HOUSEWIVES

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

HOUSEWIVES are fashion's Cinderellas. Not through any fault of their own... simply because fashion designers won't make clothes both stylish and practical for housework.

But Mrs. Bea O'Keefe, of Richmond Surrey thinks housewives deserve a better deal than that. Never able to find the styles she wanted in the shops, she has turned designer, and made them herself.

Mrs. O'Keefe, petite and five-foot nothing, is a good model for her own designs, and as a busy housewife, knows from experience the kind of clothes that are practical.

With husband Manus—an artist with a lively sense of colour—to help her, she has gone into business. They gave a preview recently of their new styles.

These are casual clothes: shirts, dresses, sweaters, and "pirate pants"—a modern tailored version of the old-fashioned buggy slacks. Irish tweed in colours like honey and clover pink is the favourite material, and much use is made of knitted ribbing for trimmings.

## The casual trend

The O'Keefe idea of a comfortable sweater has a bodice of thick tweed, and the polo neck and long sleeves in hand-knitted ribbing. Colours of tweed and ribbing usually contrast. One style has a red tweed bodice and the cross-over neck and long sleeves in black ribbing.

Dresses follow the same casual trend. One in clover pink tweed has a high polo neck, long lightly-cuffed sleeves and is belted into folds at the waist.

Mrs. O'Keefe gives tightly-fitting pirate pants a new look—and much better shape—by placing a stocking seam down the centre back.

She thinks that a man's long-tailed shirt is more practical than a blouse. To give shirts a rising line at the throat, she puts a one-inch band between the collar and the neckline.

Mrs. O'Keefe is the third Irish woman to make fashion news. Unlike Sybil Connolly and Elizabeth James, who concentrate on town models, she specialises in casual clothes.

London. But, like them, she was a name in the American market—stores in New York, Chicago, and Dallas sold her designs—before she broke into the British market.

These Irish designers are worth watching. They have a vivid sense of style and can use Irish tweeds and linens strikingly.

Housewives may complain they can't afford to spend money on clothes just for the house. No one would suggest they should—have an entire wardrobe, but a stylish item or two does brighten up the rest of the workday clothes.

The O'Keefes aim to provide style and comfort at medium prices. Nice thought that!

## Prize-winner

FASHION brings its rewards—thinks Jean Gordon.

She has just won first prize in a nation-wide textile design competition organised by Beano Silks. For her entry, a small cross-stitch design in black and brown, she wins £250 and royalties amounting to two-pence on every yard of the material sold in Britain.

This is pretty good going for a student of 21, who was competing with 1,500 other entrants—not only students, but established designers... including her own tutor!

At a party for the prize winners Jean Gordon gave these hints to would-be textile designers.

The pattern must lend itself to cutting; it must be a small design suitable for clothes; its colours must be adaptable to accessories.

Her prize-winning design has now been printed on silk by the firm, and made up into a dress and matching jacket by top designer John Cavanagh.

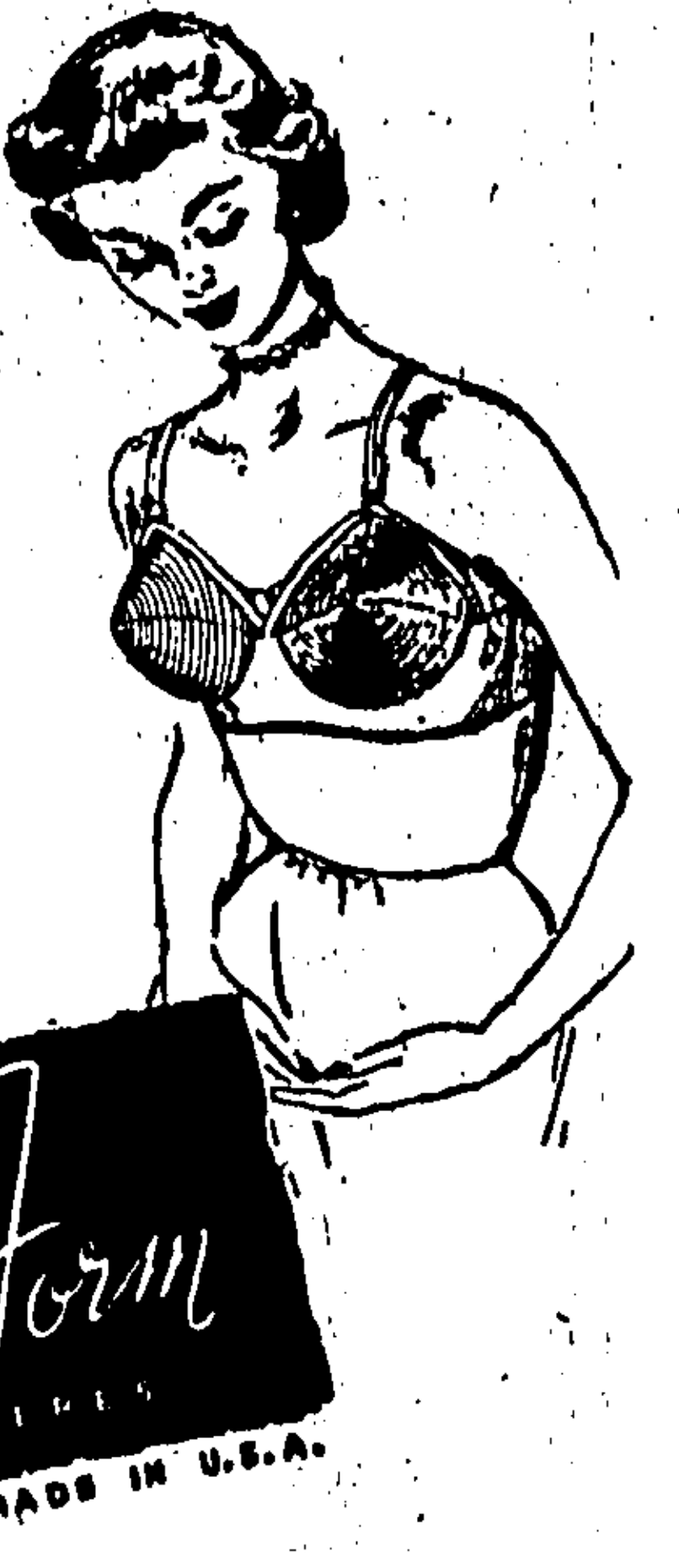
Jeannie thinks there's a definite trend away from the abstract designs back to the traditional floral ones; not because designers prefer the floral patterns... but they sell better.

There is an obvious reason for this. If you wear an abstract print, your best friends point to its mysterious squiggles and ask "What on earth is it supposed to mean?" When you have said half a dozen times "It isn't supposed to mean anything," you begin to feel like a fugitive from a Picasso exhibition.

Next time you play safe and buy a floral print.

So most of the new silk and cotton prints displayed at the party go back to Victorian rosebuds, posies and daisy-chains which "best friends" will recognise at once.

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## SALE OF SUMMER COTTONS!

Famous pair-offs by Koret of California... shorts, smart pants, blouses, skirts and jackets.

Match them! Mix them!

Boost your summer wardrobe!

Bandbox  
AIR-CONDITIONED

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Next to 'S.C.M.P.' Bldg.

## SOMETHING WITH A BIT OF KICK IN IT

By Anne Scott-James

SHE was well-dressed and thirty-five-ish, and I met her in a train. She was looking through a magazine.

"Listen," she said, "all this depresses me. In three weeks I go on holiday with my husband; we are going over to France for the first time since the war."

"I want to look really something. I've saved some money for a few new clothes. But it seems that unless I buy a fancy-dress wardrobe I haven't a hope."

"Must I wear pirate pants?"

"Shall I be a fish out of water without a middy suit?"

"Shall I be the only person if we get down south, without a bullfighter jacket?"

"Can I pull off the Long-legged Look when my legs are only average?"

"Is it more satisfactory to dress as if I came from Mexico or Texas? Or is the Roman Look newer? Or how about Capri?"

"Will Little Girl clothes or Little Boy clothes bring out the best in me?"

She looked at me, and I looked at her, and we both laughed. She was a good-looking woman, but she was a bit of a mess.

I thought it over. "Listen," I said in my turn, "you don't have to do all those things. But you don't have to ignore them either."

"I think the thing is to take what you've got, what you like, what suits you... but to throw one cherry in the cocktail. To have one thing that's utterly pretty or completely new."

Such as (I started to make a list):—

## PLAYSUITS-SWIMSUIT

Nobody could grouse at the new sort of swimsuit, because it is the most flattering kind for years; the only trouble is it is hard to find.

These suits are cut like playsuits, but in a sea-going material, for example sparsucker or nylon taffeta.

## BEACH SOCKS WITH POCKETS

You need two yards of towelling and one hour to make it, and you have an accessory that's pretty enough for any beach. Towelling is a top fabric for every sort of beach wear, for shorts, for a wrap-around skirt, for a playsuit, even for a whole sun-dress.

## BANDANA AND A HAT

Bandana is a cotton cloth, and a hat is a must. A bandana is a square of cloth, and a hat is a must.

choice: a large rough straw sombrero, but any big shape will do.

## LONG SWEATER SHORT SHORTS

There are two good ways with shorts. You can have them very brief indeed, with a wrap of a pullover (long in the body and horizontally striped) worn outside your shorts.

## NEW SCHOOLBOY SHORTS

These are newer, a bit of a shock at first, and harder to wear. But they are on the way in.

Their length is just above the knee, and they're called Bermuda shorts, because in Bermuda the very brief sort aren't permitted. This summer they have spread all over America; they are turning up on the Continent, they are trickling into this conservative island too.

## THE COVER-UP TOP A 'MUST'

The muffled-up wrap—probably an overblouse or towel—has a place in your suitcase:—

(a) if you're going to the seaside or country;

(b) if you go sailing;

(c) if you have the first few days of any holiday. If you haven't had a change to get brown before-hand, the grand hours in the sunshine with a white skin means a certain burn.

## STRIPES WITH A BANG

Many of the newest playsuits and swimsuits are striped. A striped top or skirt is a must.



Choose a gay, striped bandana. And see it's cotton so it won't slip on your head. This holds your hair-do in place, anchors the hat at the same time, keeps you pretty against sun, spray, and wind.

stripes. Or a blazer-striped casual jacket. Or a hefty wrap in brilliant striped towelling.

## THE BIG BASKET BOOM

Lots of new accessories are just baskets dressed up a bit. Basket hat-boxes, basket for make-up, basket beach-bags, and even baskets which turn upside down into hats. The cost of most of them is small, and they are twice as dashing as the same old thing in canvas.

## VIVID SASHES ON THE BEACH

One of these brilliant ideas that appear unannounced on the beach is a sash. A sash is a long strip of fabric, and it is a must.

A sash is a long strip of fabric, and it is a must. A sash is a long strip of fabric, and it is a must.

Reporters the world over have spontaneously acclaimed it...

## ETERNA-MATIC

DATO

LOOK FOR THIS ETERNA SYMBOL

The first self-winding Calendar watch on a ball-bearing.

Eterna offers you a self-winding watch of two-fold value—not only does it tell you the time, second by second, but it records the date, day by day. This new Eterna-Matic gives final and decisive proof of the exceptional merit of automatic winding on a ball-bearing. The 3 microscopic steel balls in the Eterna ball-bearing are absolutely unbreakable. Better still, instead of wearing out—as a "staff" does—this bearing (which is no bigger than a pin's head) is self-polishing, thus its winding efficiency increases as it works. Needless to say, this constant automatic winding of the movement has a decisive influence on the accuracy of the watch and, at the same time, enables it to accumulate a power-reserve of 44 hours. This amazing performance has so impressed leading New York reporters that they have spontaneously declared that the Eterna-Matic "eliminates" all previous winding systems.



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AT the inauguration last Sunday of the 1st Cheung Chau Catholic Sea Scouts Group, Mr Leung Chun-ping, Group Scoutmaster (right), receives the Group flag from the District Commissioner, Mr Raymond Yue. (Staff Photographer)

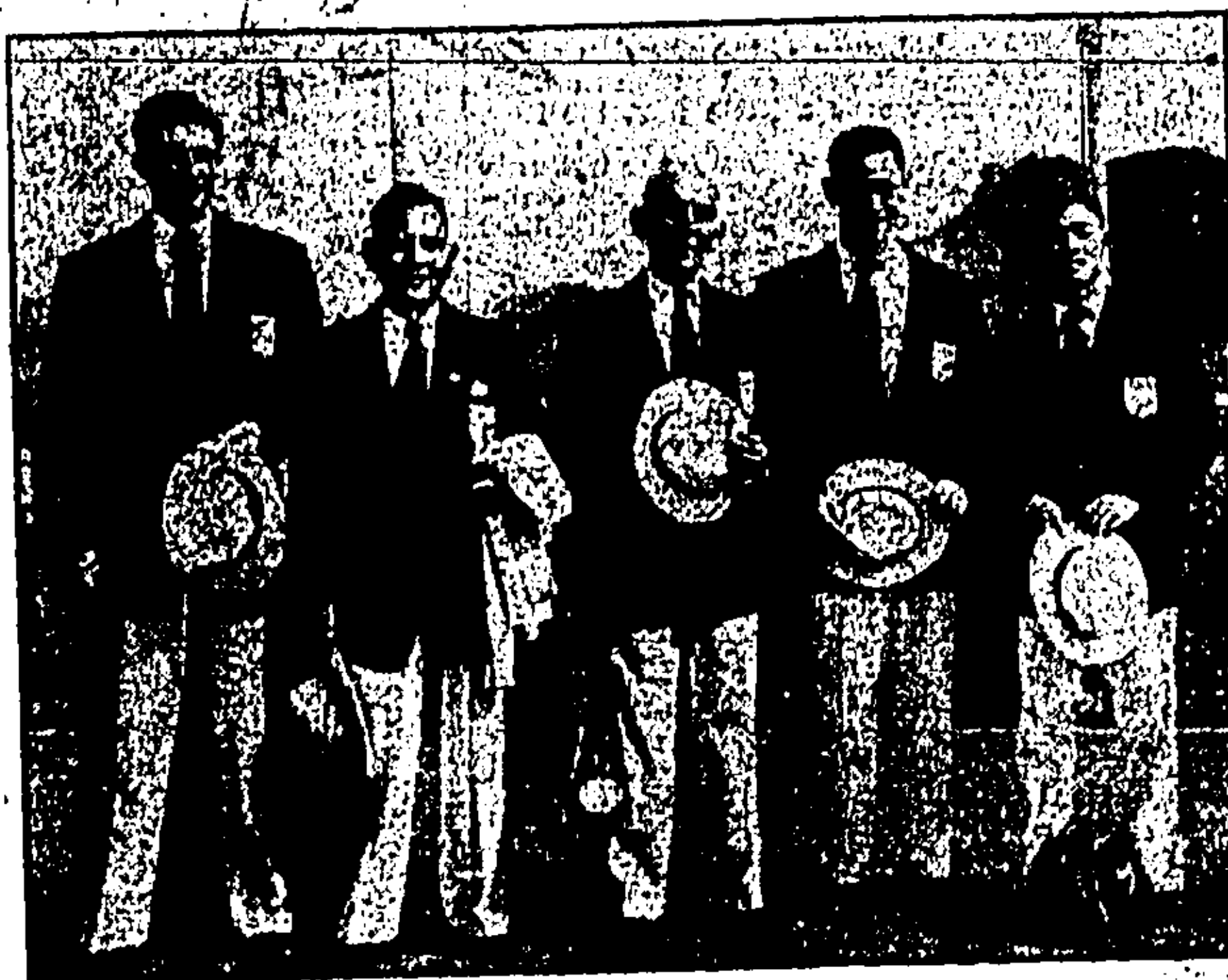


HIS Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, Mr R. B. Black, going through one of the children's wards during his visit of inspection to the Kowloon Hospital on Monday. (Staff Photographer)



FOR his work for the St Vincent de Paul Society over a period of 66 years, Mr A. F. Osmund (right) was honoured by members at a dinner given at the Catholic Club on Monday. He is seen being presented with a gift by the Society's President, Dr Olinto de Sousa. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Part of the Colony contingent to the Empire Games who left for Vancouver last Saturday. From left: Eric Liddell, Joe Lux, Raoul Lux, Cheung Kin-man and Stephen Xavier. (Staff Photographer)



A student of the Pak U Middle School, Ping Shan, receives a prize from Mrs. E. B. Teesdale, wife of the District Commissioner, New Territories, at the school's annual prizegiving last week. (Staff Photographer)



THE Commissioner of Police, Mr A. C. Maxwell, inspecting the ranks at the passing-out parade of Probationary Sub-Inspectors at the Police Training School, Aberdeen, last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Prizewinners in the Hongkong Electric Recreation Club's treasure hunt last Saturday. Flight Lieutenant Paddy Raine (extreme right) was first, Mr Arthur Pinnell second, Miss Sheila Dyer third. (King Wah)



LEFT: Jan Smeterlin, noted Polish pianist, pictured at Kai Tak on his arrival to give a series of concerts here. (Staff Photographer)

## BOOK RIGHT

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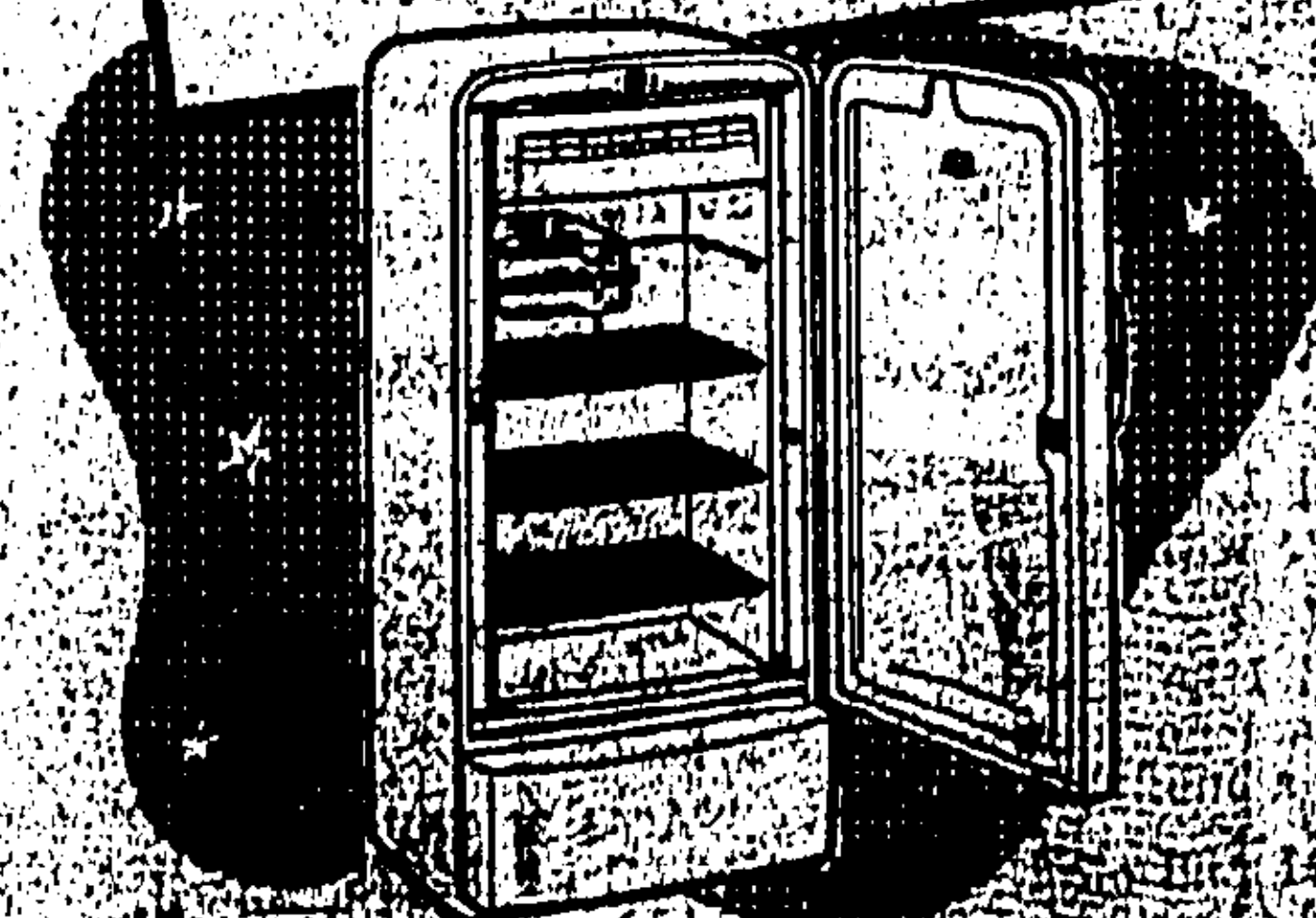
## TRAVEL RIGHT



MR C. M. Ferguson (left) was the first to receive the prize of the Hongkong Electric Recreation Club's treasure hunt last Saturday. He was followed by Mr Arthur Pinnell and Miss Sheila Dyer. (King Wah)

See it to-day!

LOW PRICED  
**PHILCO**  
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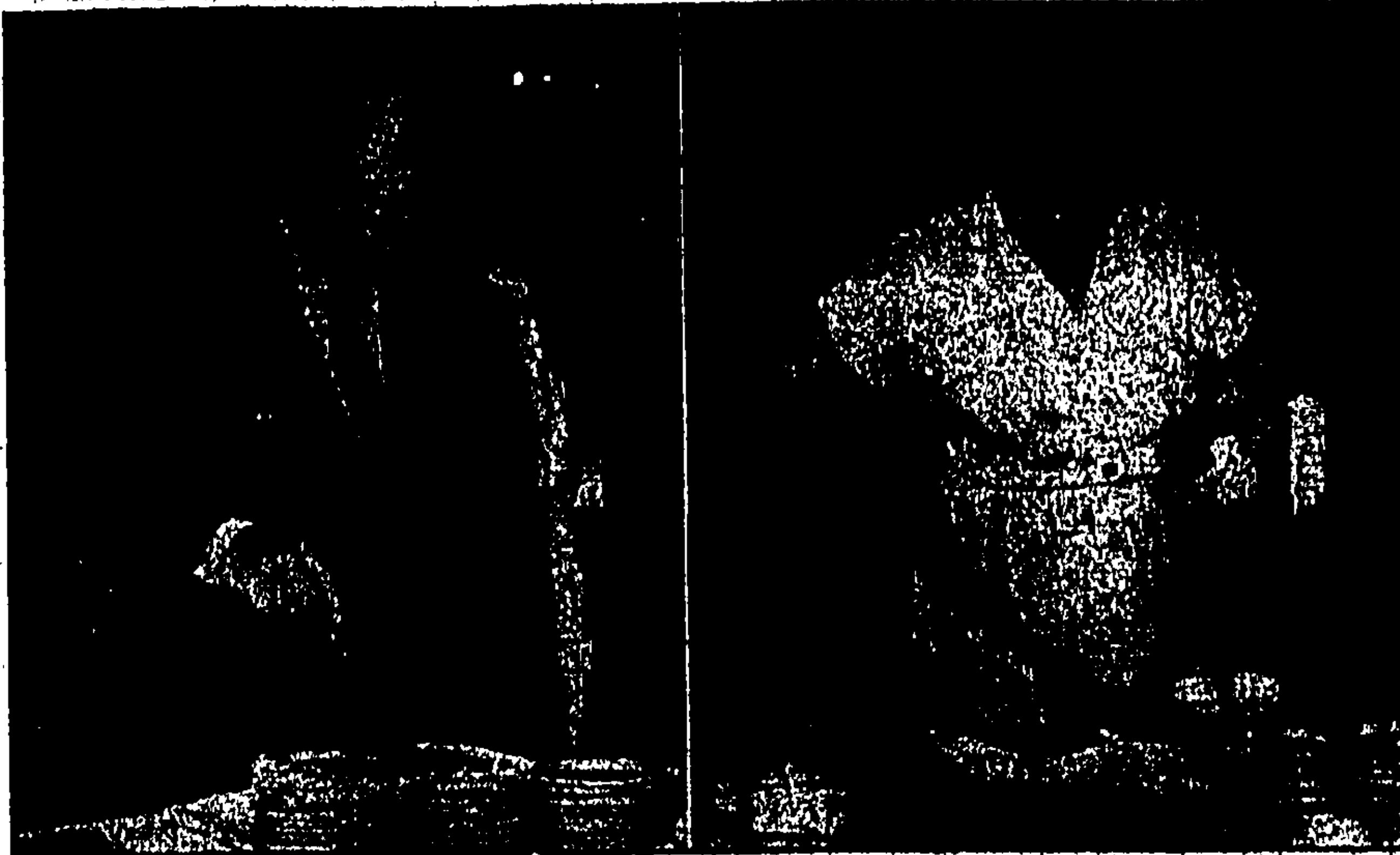
With "Key-Largo" colour styling and a modern full-width freezing compartment, PHILCO brings a new standard of value to the low priced refrigerator field. Big 7.3 cu. ft. storage capacity. Double Utility Tray for use as covered meat compartment or vegetable crisper. Or separate food trays. Self-closing latch.

**PHILCO**





BEATRICE LILLIE (Lady Peel), internationally famous comedienne, poses for photographers outside the Peninsula Hotel. She is on a holiday tour of the Orient. (Staff Photographer)

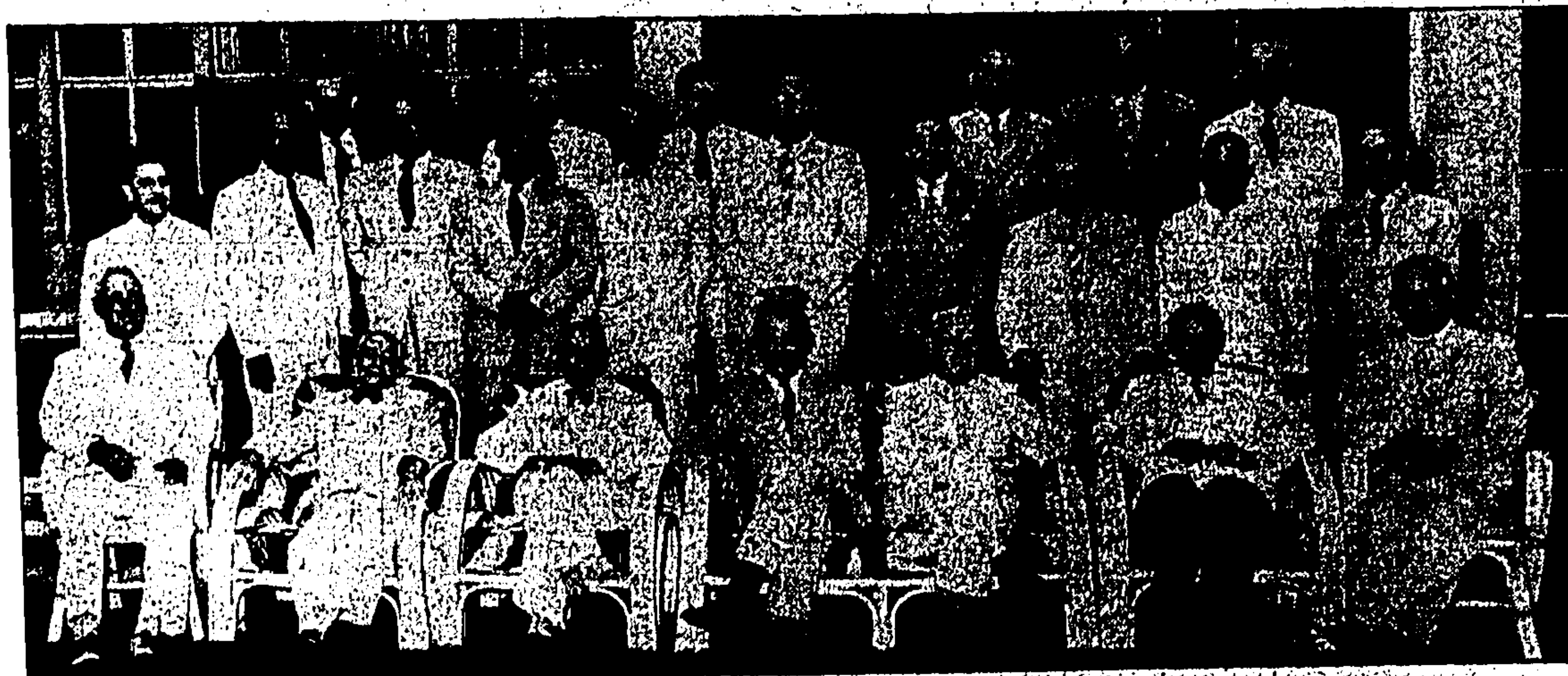


MR A. L. Potter and Miss B. Bicheno snapped at the farewell tea party held in their honour at the Education Department. They are leaving Hongkong on retirement. (Staff Photographer)

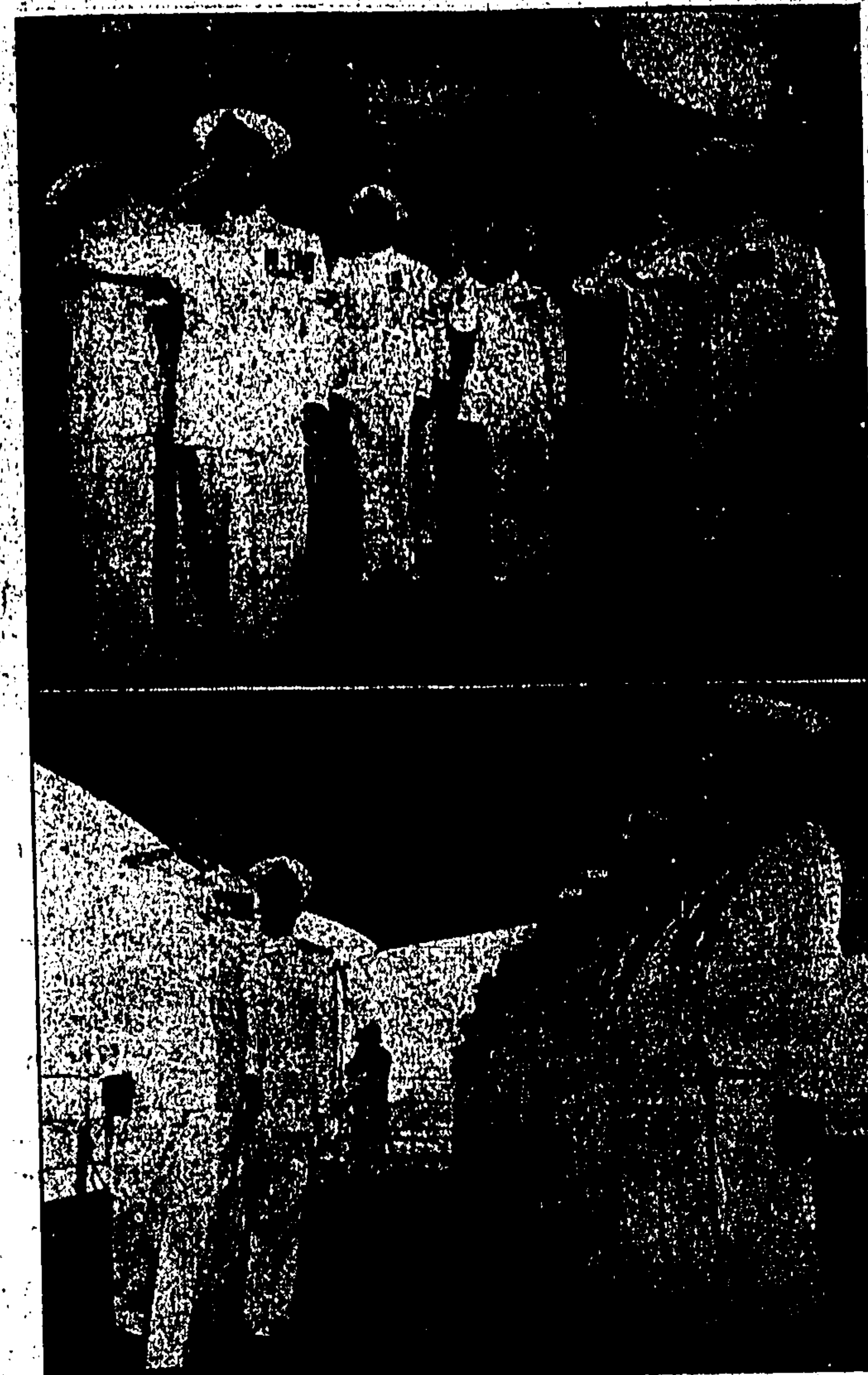


MRS J. Finnie presenting prizes to pupils of the Shaukiwan Kaitong Advancement Association Night School at the end of term ceremony held at the Taikee Dockyard Chinese Welfare Centre.

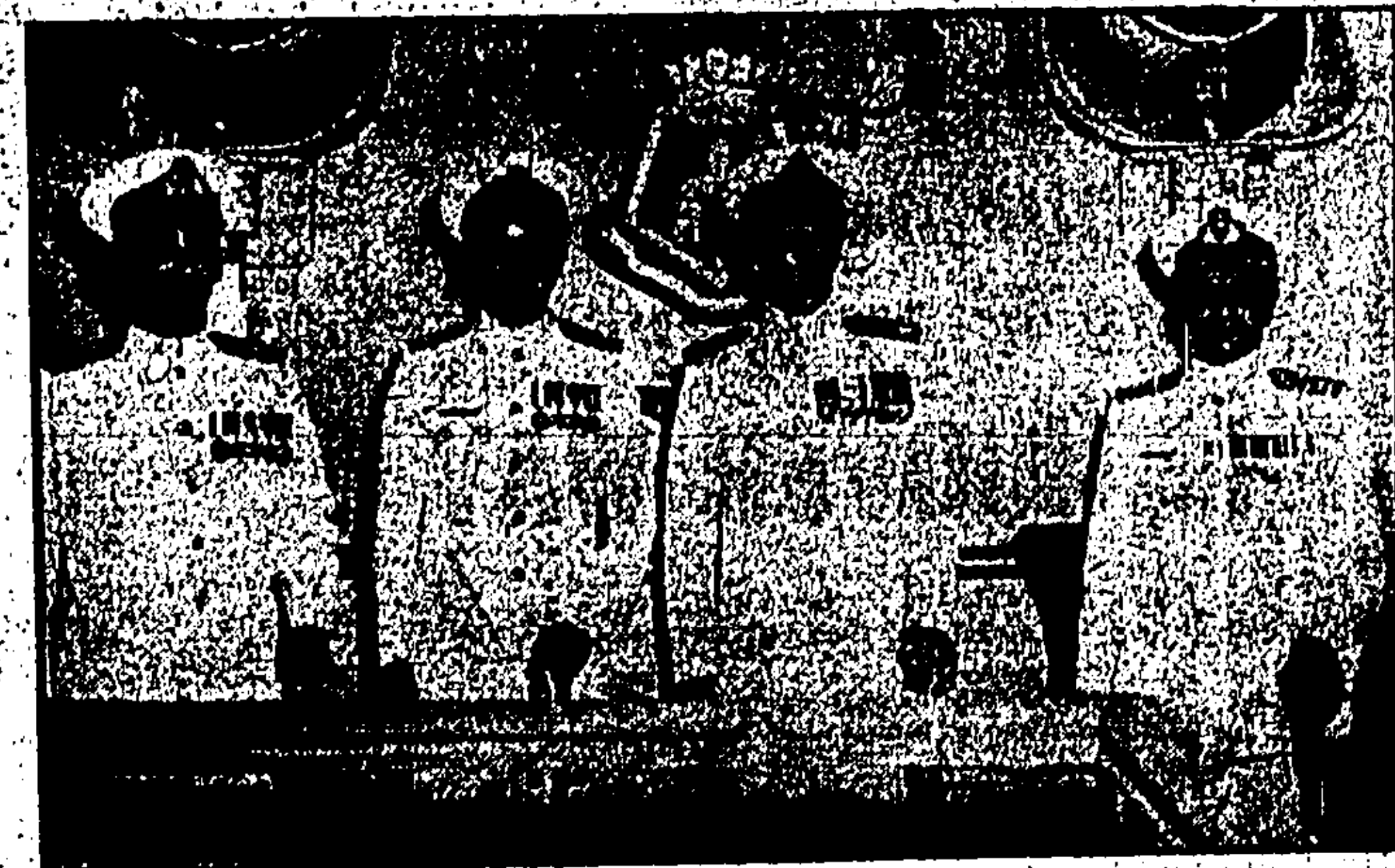
PICTURE taken in Sydney recently on the occasion of the wedding of Mr Raymond Young and Miss Julia Bonner, eldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs W. Worrall of Hongkong.



RIGHT: Group photo taken at the Centenary gathering on July 12 of former foreign members of the Chinese Maritime Customs. (Ming Yuen)



THE arrival of the Indian Navy Flotilla in Hongkong on Wednesday. In topmost picture, the Commodore-in-Charge, Hongkong, is seen aboard the cruiser Delhi. Immediately above: the Commander, British Forces, Lt-Gen. C. S. Sugden, inspecting a guard of honour aboard. Below: Rear Admiral R. A. Ballance (second from right), who commands the Flotilla, with some of his senior officers—(from left) Lt-Comdr G. C. Nahapiet, Cmdr H. R. Claudius, and Captain R. S. Davis. (Staff Photographer)



## SHIRTS and PYJAMAS

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FROM SOME OF THE FINEST CLOTHS.

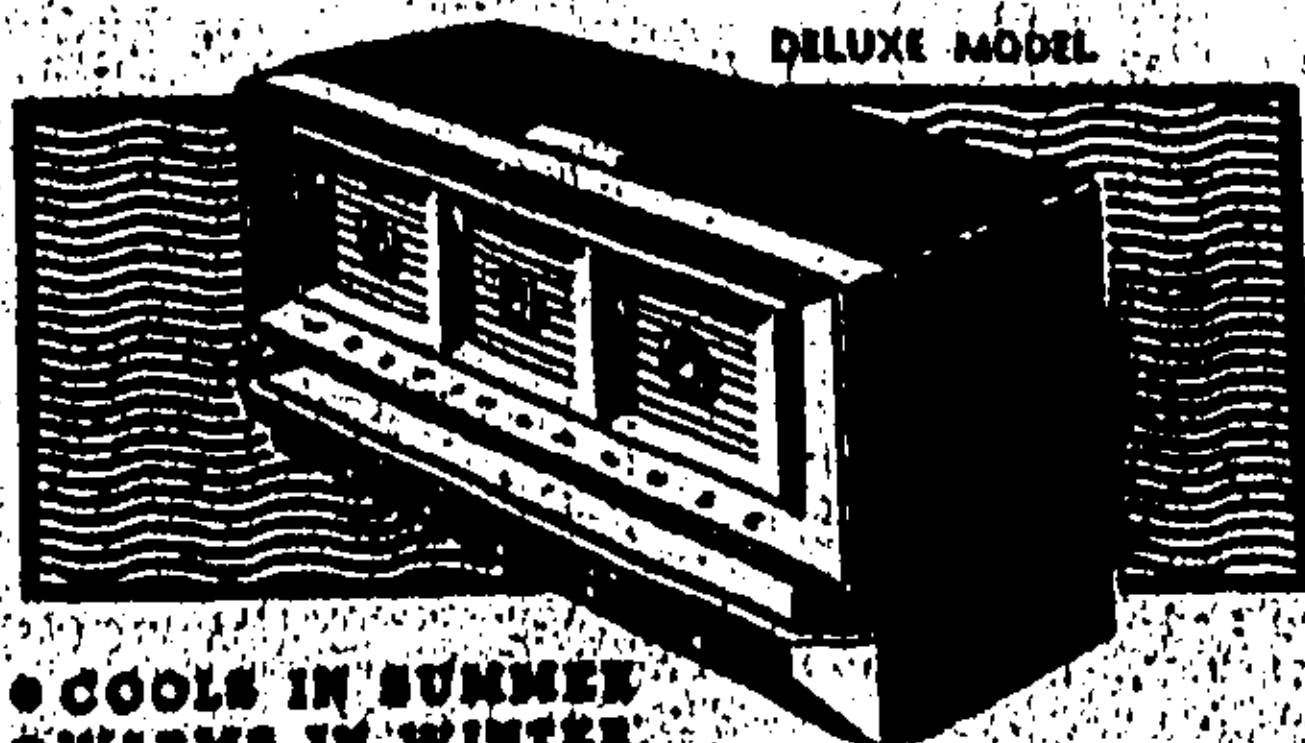
Luxurious French lisle cellular cloth, Tricolour & Swiss poplins, Oxford matt, plain & check Aertex for shirts; satin-striped & plain poplin with contrasting piping or facings for pyjamas. All are made with the utmost attention to fit, to style and to detail of finish.

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## PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

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## Beauty Creams Are Indispensable To The Well-Groomed Handsome Brick Exterior

CREAMS for use on the skin are a practical necessity for every woman and, upon occasion, need not be despised by men. They have many uses and some differences in composition worth noting.

The simplest skin creams are those intended for cleansing the skin. The prototype is ordinary cold cream, which used to be based on tallow and rose water, but now usually consists of a mixture of mineral oils and greases, plus some powder ingredients and appropriate perfume. This modern product, being mineral fat, does not become rancid, as did the former formula unless kept refrigerated. Cleansing creams are of various degrees of stiffness at room temperature, depending upon the combination of greases and their melting points, which they contain. Those with a preponderance of the lighter oils may melt at the temperature of the skin and have therefore been known as "melting cream."

## Lanolin Base

A cream based on lanolin, refined, is the surface of the skin and is a good aid to the skin's health.

Cultured Pearls

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By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

living, it may lubricate the frictions on the pathway of life as well. In order to achieve a maximum of smoothness, many manufacturers have adopted an ingredient known as lanolin—hydrated wool fat—well known to radio and television fans. Even discounting the excessive optimism of some of its more enthusiastic pitchmen, lanolin is definitely a useful addition to a skin cream. A cream with the soothing and smoothing properties contributed by lanolin is called an emollient cream. Owing to the presence of lanolin, such creams cannot be true white, so they may be slightly tinted. Lanolin has a slight "muttony" odour, so it is masked with perfume. If this is done by skillful blending it makes a nice product, not so if the lanolin is merely overpowered by a stronger and not so well-blended scent.

## For Dry Skin

Emollient creams are useful for cleansing dry skins. These, by the way, are not limited to redheads and blondes, though more common in people with such colouring. Especially in winter, many persons have trouble with dry, scaling, itching skin, particularly if they have been too much impressed with "health" propaganda about taking a soap-and-water bath daily, thus taking too much natural oil out of the skin. The best way to use an emollient cream is to leave it on overnight. It is advisable to do this daily if the skin is very dry, but only often enough to maintain genuine cleanliness, regardless of somebody's other's 10 rules for better health.

Just as the dry skin benefits from the use of creams, so the naturally oily skin calls for restraint in their employment. Here is where soap and water is better.

Other than emollient creams, there are special purpose preparations. At one time there was a great vogue for massage creams, which were supposed

to go deep into the pores and bring out the dirt. These were composed mainly of caolin. They did not dig into the pores at all; they simply rolled up their own substances and some of the superficial skin cells into what might be mistaken for deep pore dirt. Bleaching creams should not be used; their ingredients may be irritating.

Another type, sometimes called vanishing cream, is not a cream at all, but a soap, similar to the brushless shaving soaps

used by men. This product forms a smooth surface and is sometimes regarded as a good powder or make-up base. Like all soaps, it tends to remove oil from the skin.

The ingredients of creams are commonplace and not particularly costly substances. The principal "secret" in a beauty cream is a good formula, skillful manufacture, deft perfume blending and colouring, and successful promotion. A woman who can afford it will be well served by an expensive and exclusive salon product, but the lady on a budget can do equally well at a more modest price.

## THE ESSENCE OF ENGLISH COOKING

By A. Edwards &amp; D. Beyfus

THE essence of English cooking is that the basic food is so good that an elaborate sauce or too much garnishing only spoils the flavour.

English recipes are the reverse of American recipes—which work on the basis that if you hurl a lot of different flavours together everything will turn out all right in the end.

English cooking works on the theory that you should choose a few good flavours and leave them alone. At its best it is more filling, less trouble, and as delicious as any other sort.

The kind of English cooking we are talking about is not the Old English style of Larder, wing Pudding or Hasty Horning, but the kind that strikes a chill into the heart of any girl who grew up when everything from sheep's pie to Victoria steak turned out to be sausage.

The kind of English cooking we mean brings with it a special Sunday morning smell of roasting lamb and mint cooking with the new potatoes.

It brings back the sideboard breakfasts of kedgeree or kidneys, porridge and cream, two eggs and bacon, mushrooms or kippers or ham.

And it brings back a scrap more leisure for the cook, for it means so much less whipping and marinating and adding oil drop by drop, and so many fewer saucepans to wash up.

We pick these dishes which are the essence of English cooking.

• **ROAST LAMB:** At its best as shoulder or saddle, leg, or best end of neck or loin with kidneys. Crumble, salt, and butter, and bake continuously to get the perfect crisp crust. It must not be

overcooked; the meat near the bone should be vaguely pink. Serve with red current jelly, which has a sharp tang to counteract the richness of the lamb, or with onion sauce, and cream added at the last minute.

• **ROAST BEEF:** At its best as sirloin, either on the bone or as steaks, or under a boned and rolled. At its best served with home-made horseradish from the garden, and cream stirred in.

• **BEEFSTEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING:** At its best with sheep's kidneys and good chuck steak or top rump. Mushrooms and oysters are optional additions. Allow four to five hours' steaming.

• **BOILED LEG OF MUTTON:** At its best with caper sauce, made with melted butter, capers, and vinegar.

• **BOILED SILVERSIDE AND DUMPLINGS:** At its best if you've got a good butcher who knows how to prepare the meat, so that when it's cooked the meat is a rosy-pink to poultry grey colour. The dumplings will be a dead loss if you stinge on the suet.

Serve with pease pudding made with split peas. Serve the pease pudding, too, with freshly boiled ham eaten hot or pickled pork.

After the delicious English main course, the delicious English "after" is the fresh fruit: foie, gooseberry, raspberry, and blackcurrant with double cream... the trifles with fluffy split sponge cakes soaked in Madeira, spread with home-made raspberry jam, covered in fresh egg custard, and topped with whipped cream.

The hedgehog type cake shaped like a hedgehog, drenched in brandy, studded with split Jordan almonds, and coated in cream.

Delicate cheeses are back to rival any pungent Continental kind: the Double Gloucester, a full cream cheese like glorified Cheshire... Dumlop cheese with the characteristic flavour of mildness with richness... Leicester cheese, a rich marigold-coloured variety.

Try English cooking and then tell us: isn't it as good as any meal you've ever had?

## Floral Motif Featured In Bedroom Decor

IF you ever dreamed of a bedroom as refreshing as a woodland glade, now's your opportunity to make that light of fancy a reality.

Recent displays feature floral patterned fabrics with the emphasis on violets. A bedspread of violet-patterned glazed chintz, accented by a cool green head-board is attractive and soothing.

Sunshine filters through pale green crisscross curtains drawn back with clusters of violets. A cluster of violets scattered here and there on dressing table skirts, and green shaggy cotton scatter rugs add the final garden-like touch.

Another cool, inviting refuge makes use of the violet theme, but this is up with silver-grey and accents of pale rose which makes for quite a sophisticated setting.

Violet with green and sunny yellow creates a cheery, happy combination, or a cool, calm, and restful one.

A WOOLLY TOUCH. Instead of a violet-patterned bedspread, one bedroom setting made use of a woolly, shaggy material in violet, green, and

there. The wallpaper bands adorned a section of the pale green painted wall around the bed and also around the dressing table.

Stripes always make for a smart bedroom theme and since green is the coolest colour, it can be utilised in a crisp green and white striped fabric. In one green and white striped chintz spread, the stripes are vertical in the centre, boxed in with horizontal stripes for the skirt. There were draperies of the same material on a pulley arrangement so that they can be drawn shut to keep out the hot sun and opened wide at night to entice the cool breeze.

COLOUR CONTRAST For an exciting touch of colour, there were scatter rugs of bright cherry red, the one with a green and white striped pattern, and another with a green and white striped pattern.

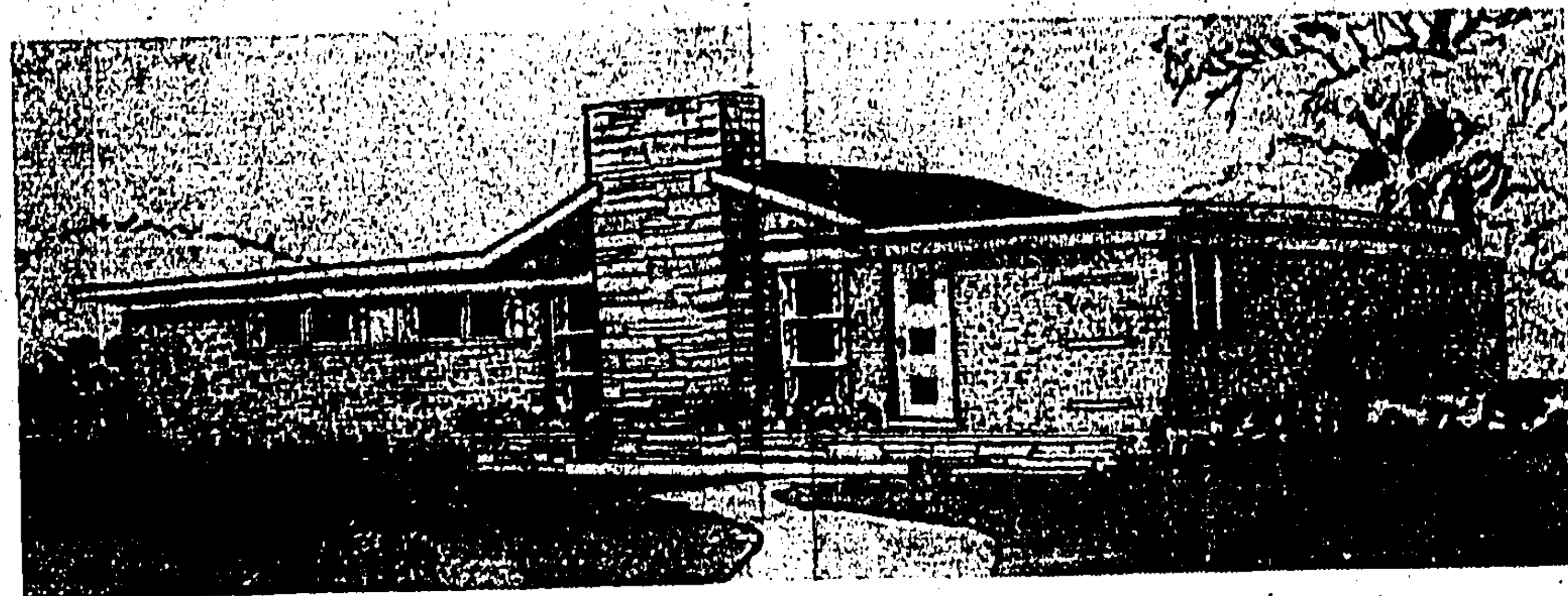
For a room that is a cool, calm, and restful one, a small container of fragrant flowers will lend a lovely touch of outdoor life.

For a room that is a cheery, happy one, a small container of fragrant flowers will lend a lovely touch of outdoor life.

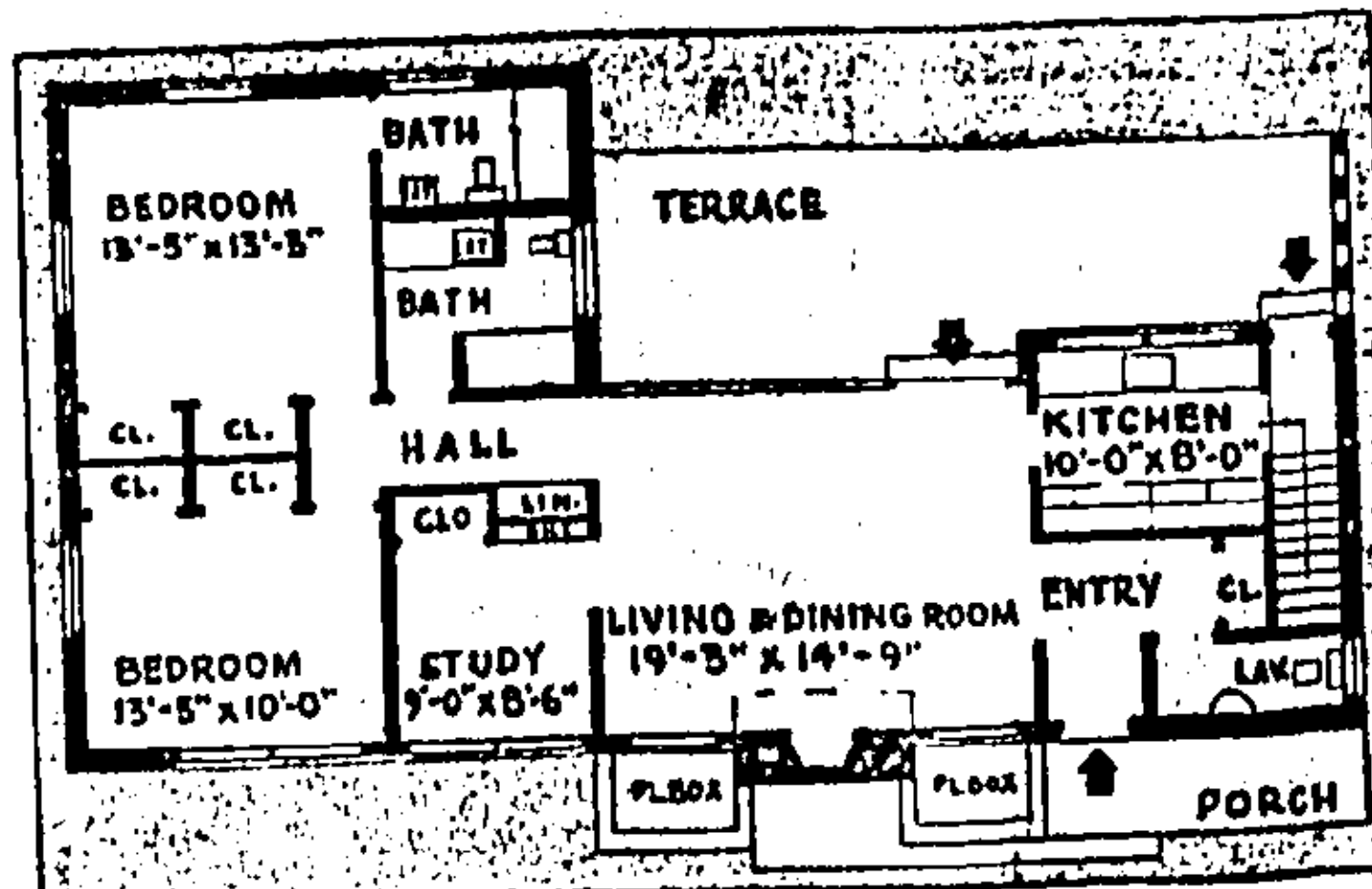
For a room that is a sophisticated one, a small container of fragrant flowers will lend a lovely touch of outdoor life.

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LOOK! NO PICTURE WINDOW! This home, H-324-KF, has one at back but the front of the house is strikingly different. In place of a picture window, there's a ledge rock chimney, which separates two small windows, and proves a pleasing contrast to the brick.



YOU CAN EASILY SEE that this L-shaped interior is planned for convenience. It's divided for living, working and sleeping purposes.

By Joan O'Sullivan

ONE of the beauties of brick is its wearability. Rain or shine, year in, year out, it weathers beautifully, doesn't need a paint job to restore its colour and charm.

Both of the small homes featured today gain distinction because of their handsome brick exteriors.

A wide ledge rock chimney is a pleasing contrast to the red brick used for Design H-324-KF. The chimney makes the design distinctive. It cuts into the area usually taken over by a big picture window, separating two small tripartite windows.

## Convenient Powder Room

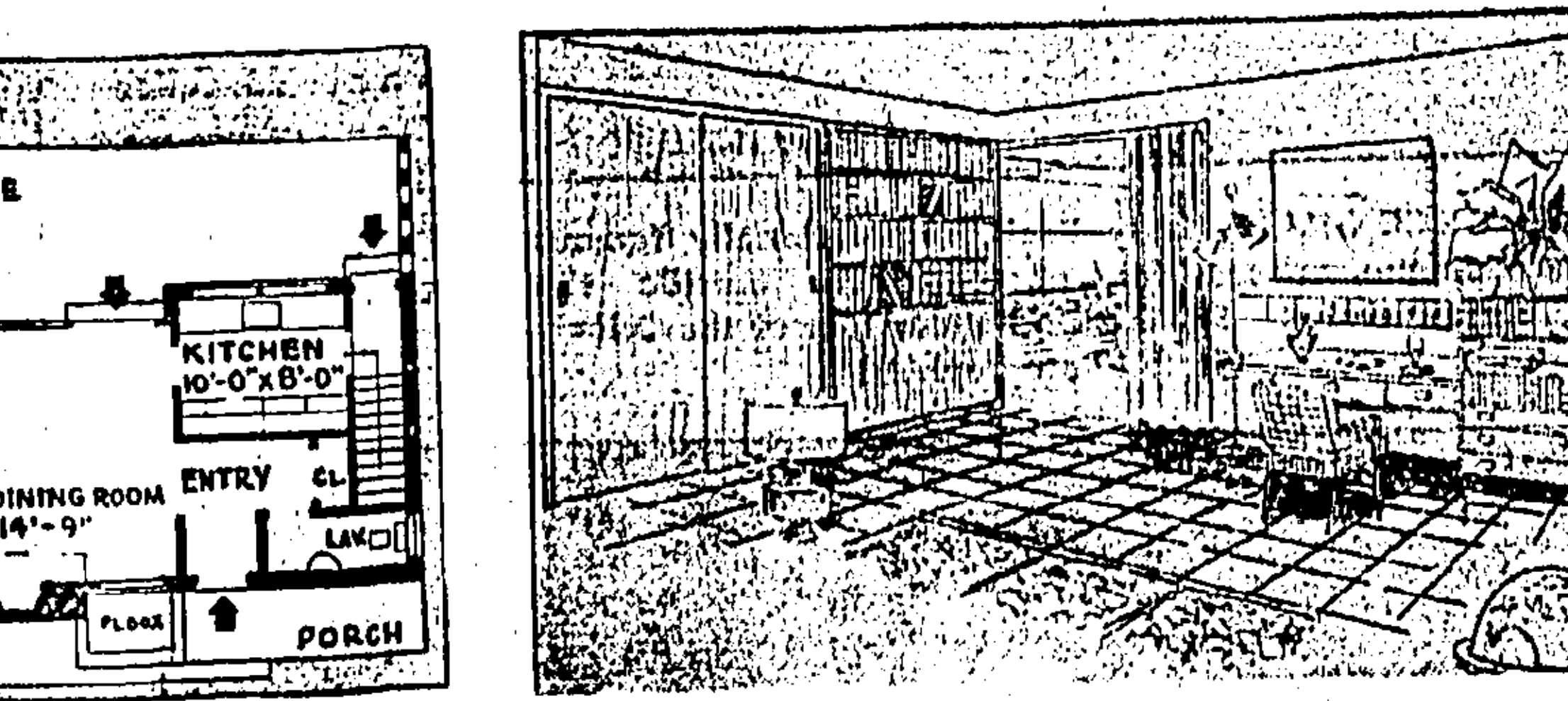
Inside, a powder room opens off the entry. What could be more convenient? Guests can pretty-up as the hostess takes their wraps, and hangs them in the hall closet.

From the entry, it's a step into the living-dining area.

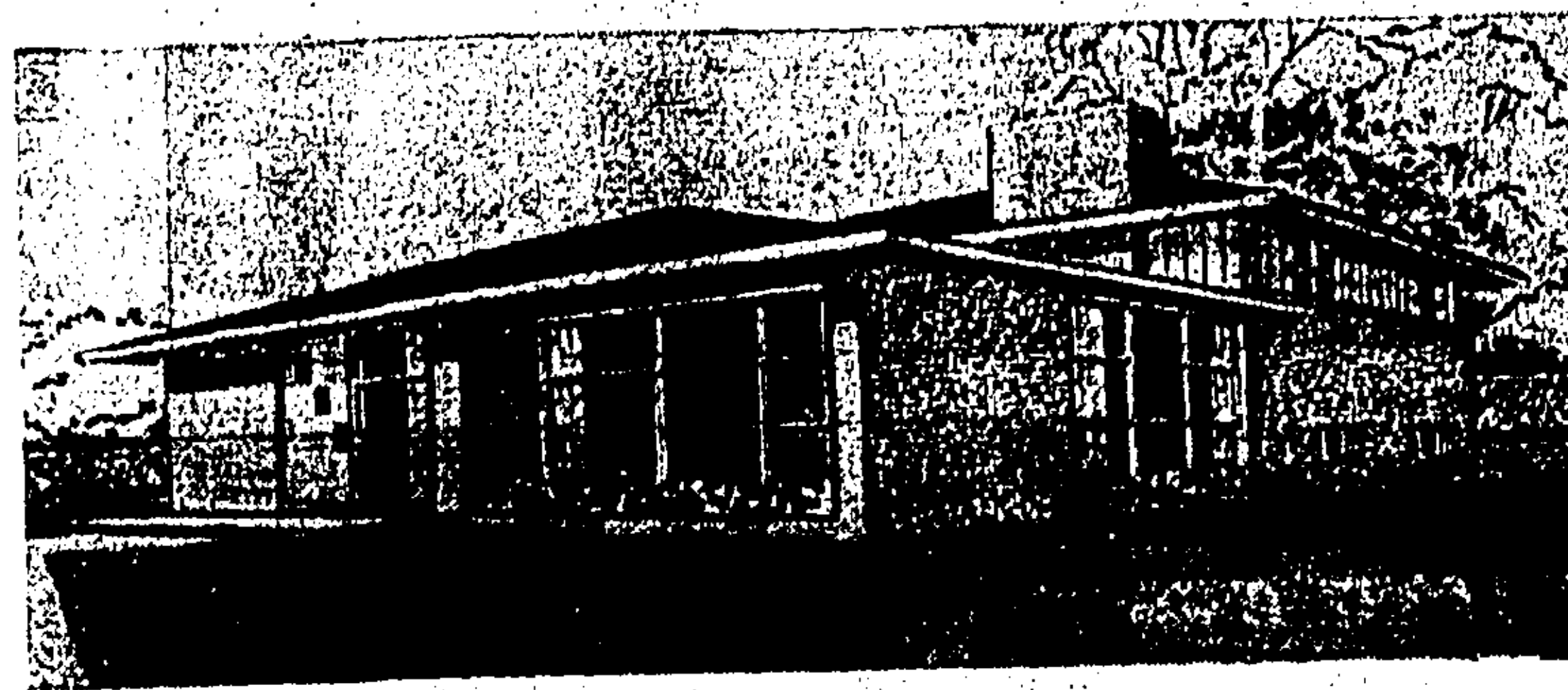
You've already seen how much the fireplace adds to the exterior design. Now you can see what an important contribution it makes to the interior of the house. It's the centre of interest along the front wall, ideally placed so furniture groupings around it can supply cozy winter charm.

Opposite the fireplace, a window wall looks out on the terrace. A dining table would be delightful at this side of the room, with the outdoors making a pleasant background for meals.

At one end of the window wall, an entrance to the terrace. Next to it, a doorway leads to the kitchen, placed so it's easy for the hostess to serve outdoor meals.



THE STUDY, which could be used as a bedroom, is a charming room with a large sliding door closet and, next to it, a built-in bookcase.



WINDOW AREAS are plentiful in this contemporary home, Design H-302-KF. There are two full-length windows in the living room, one at front, the other at side, plus a window next to the door.

At the other side of the house, accessible from the living area, two big bedrooms have double closets and cross ventilation. The master bedroom is provided with its own bath.

A second bath is in a central hallway close to a study, which could be a third bedroom.

The house comprises 22,710 cubic feet.

## A Split-Level Plan

If you like split-level designs, the other house here, H-302-KF, is for you. Its appearance is deceiving. From the exterior, you'd never guess it contained three bedrooms, a kitchen-dining combination, a long living room and a recreation room. It does—and more!

From the entry, you can step either into the dining room, which is really part of the kitchen, or into the long living floor plan.

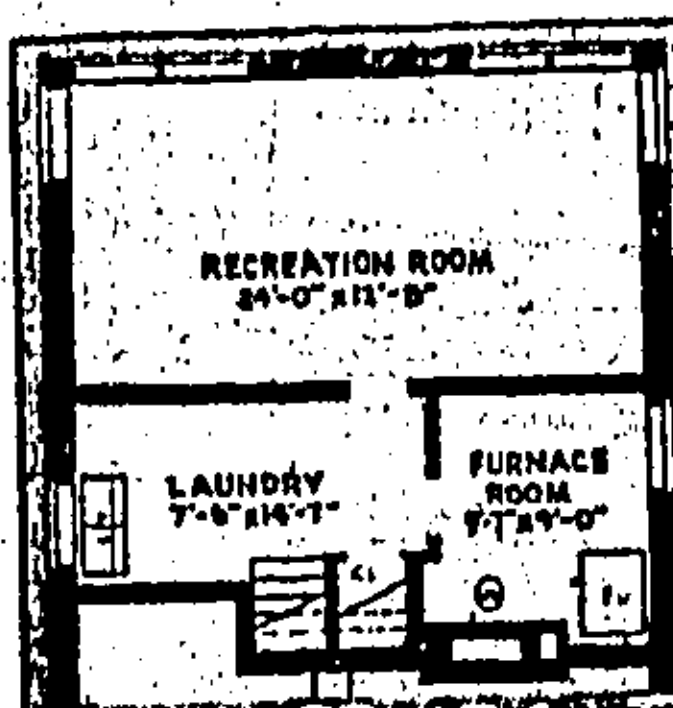
From the living room, steps lead to the top level—three bedrooms and a bath.

The basement level has a separate laundry area, a furnace room, and a recreation room that runs the full width of the house.

This well-planned home is larger than it might seem. All told, it comprises 18,880 cubic feet.



THE LIVING AREA is a long room. At the far end of it, there's a brick fireplace. Next to it, a few steps lead to the bedroom level.



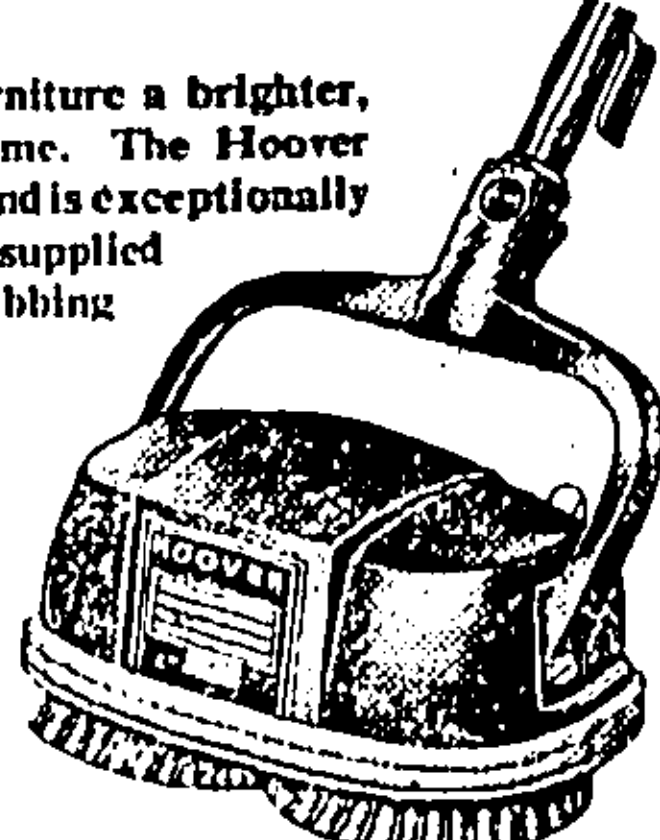
THERE'S ROOM for recreation in the basement, which also has a furnace room and a laundry area.



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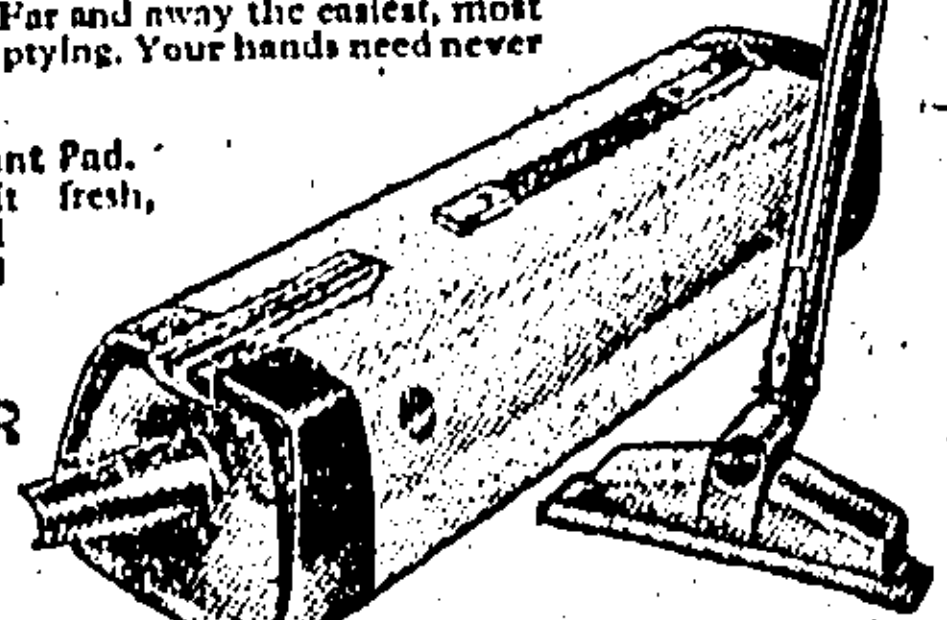
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## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

To clean a stain from an unidentified source, first decide if it is dry or wet. If dry, brush it out with a cold cloth. If wet, blot it with a dry cloth. Then, if the stain is on a fabric, rub it with a dry cloth. If it is on a wall, rub it with a dry cloth. If it is on a floor, rub it with a dry cloth.

Immediately after dishwashing, dry the dishes with a clean cloth. This will prevent water spots and keep the dishes shining.

Here is a tip for washing fancy lace curtains without using curtain stretchers. Fold each panel lengthwise in four, and wash in lukewarm water. Do not wring or twist the lace. Rinse in clean water. Press with a warm iron. Hang to dry.

When dry, brush to restore fluffiness.

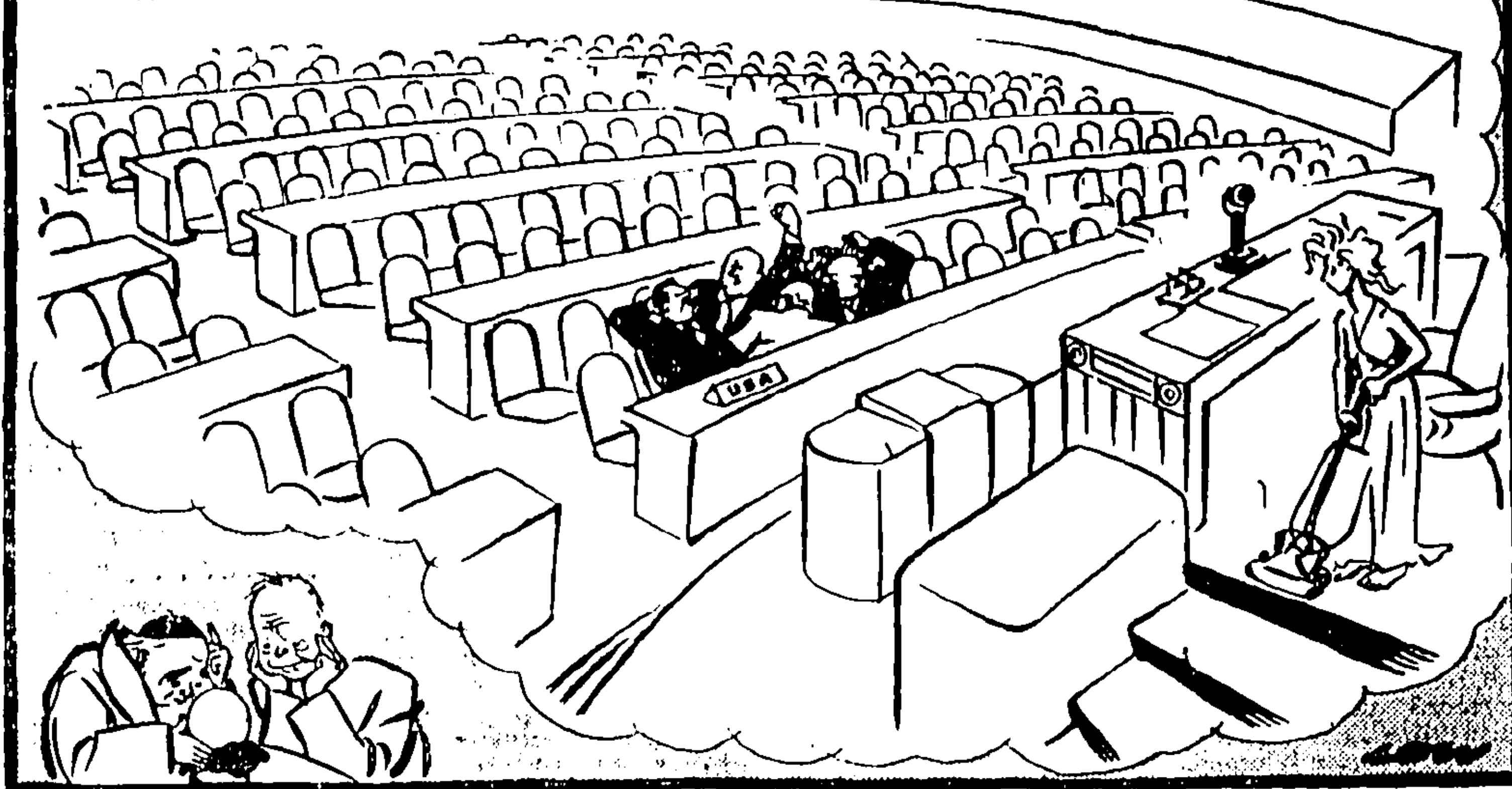
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When dry, brush to restore fluffiness.



## THE ORACLE SPEAKS:

"I SEE THE U.S.A. REFUSING TO TALK TO ANY NATION THAT DISAGREES WITH IT ON WORLD AFFAIRS. I SEE ITS FRIENDS THAT WON'T OBEY CUT OFF. I SEE A MEETING OF THE RECONSTITUTED UNITED NATION TO DISCUSS HOW TO GO IT ALONE AND WHETHER IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO GIVE THE GAME AWAY TO THE COMMUNISTS."



OLD LOW'S CRYSTAL BALL—

THINGS TO COME

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By Sir BEVERLEY BAXTER

# The Good Companion On Why Men Go To War

IT was a beautiful early summer evening and the Terrace of the House of Commons seemed far more attractive than the Debating Chamber where we had been niggling and nagging each other over what was left of the Finance Bill.

I find it difficult to describe the peculiar magic of the Terrace when the sun begins to set. The buildings on the South Bank opposite the Terrace are lit up as if by foot-lights, and even the chugging tugs drawing huge barges towards Westminster Bridge seem manned by adventurers rather than by ordinary fellows looking forward to a part of the job, a talk with the missus and so to bed.

I had intended to walk 2,000 paces on the Terrace and then return to the debate, but on a bench near Mr. Spink's House there was my old friend Walter Elliot, and I could not resist his rich Scottish appeal. For nearly 19 years we have sat together in the Commons, he representing a Scottish seat and I a London Borough, and in all that time I have never found him anything but original, amusing, vastly cultured and deeply philosophical. His story is a strange one.

As a young Scot he was educated at Glasgow Academy and Glasgow University. Then came that catastrophe—interrupter of human destinies—the 1914-1918 war. Elliot was a man of letters, a philosopher, a building orator, a dreamer with a lot of practical knowledge, but seemed in no sense of action. Heredity, environment and personality all marked him out for an academic career spent in the cloistered temples of knowledge. Instead he went to France as a second lieutenant with a Highland Infantry Battalion.

displayed genius as a war leader decided that crushed, impoverished Germany would pay for the cost of the war, and that the Allies could then repay America for the years that she was the benevolent money-lender.

The thirty-year-old Walter Elliot looked like a peace-loving, easy-going, and contented of the world had gone mad. While he watched and pondered the situation, an Austrian corporal named Hitler was mooning about Vienna, painting ridiculous pictures, living with the tramps in doss-houses, and dreaming dangerous dreams.

By 1922 the Tory Party had enough of Lloyd George's Coalition. They planned a rebellion, chose Canadian-born Bonar Law as their leader, and drove Lloyd George and the Liberal Party into the wilderness from which they were never to return.

By that time Walter Elliot, like young Anthony Eden, was being groomed for office. But



WALTER ELLIOT

there the parallel ended. The dazzling Eden was obviously destined for high place, whereas the sloping Scottish Elliot looked as if he would be a perpetual Junior Minister.

Yet he had been hailed as a future Prime Minister. Alas! He got no further than Minister of Agriculture. By that time I had entered Parliament, and was not greatly impressed by Elliot's performance, although I liked him very much. He was too courteous, too logical, too humorous, too analytical, too lacking in sex-appeal, or whatever his political equivalent might be.

He held various Ministerial posts, including Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury and Under-Secretary for his native Scotland, but ultimately he was sent to the suicide post of Minister of Agriculture. I gave him my congratulations at the time, but had I been more experienced I would have known that in a country like England, where the farmer is always sacrificed to the industrialist, the Minister of Agriculture is doomed before he starts. The wonder is that there are always men ready to take on the task.

In the Second World War Elliot ceased to hold office and joined the War Office as a General in charge of a new fangled thing called "Public Relations." Quite frankly, he was not very good. In fact, he was terrible. What he did not know about the world, art, or public relations would have

filled many columns in the Press. When the Hitler had become one of a dozen former future Prime Ministers. He was out for good, never to return as a Minister to the Front Bench.

Now let us come down to today. Walter Elliot, 66 years of age, sits on a gangway seat as a Private Member. He could have had a knighthood, a baronetcy or a peerage merely for the asking. But he has instead a CH—the Companion of Honour—which is only given to the very few who achieve great distinction in the realm of the arts, philosophy or politics.

There is, perhaps, no other institution in the world so critical, so phsyic to quarrelsome and so fair as the British House of Commons. A nudist could no more hide his warts from his fellow nudists than a British MP can hide his real self from his fellow Members. They take their time in assessing each other. They allow for mistakes of temperament, they allow for failure, and they even excuse bores who are sincere.

Then suddenly the House decides what you are, and it is seldom wrong. This when Churchill formed his Government in 1951 and left Elliot out, the House watched him take his seat on the gangway among the rank and file of MPs, and suddenly it realised that this Ministerial cast-off was a great man whose presence in the Chamber added dignity to us all.

His was a mind too vast to be confined to any one Ministerial task. Here was a visionary with a delightful humour, a scholar without pedantry, an historian who refused to be submerged in the past because he realised that each day makes history as it passes down the winding stream of time.

Nor was his mind fixed merely on politics and history. He was a connoisseur of the arts, and I cannot think how often we have dined together in the Commons when the menu was Voltaire, Shaw, Shakespeare and even Burns. To emphasise a point he would often quote long passages from Hamlet or Coriolanus in a rich Scottish burr, which was as incongruous as it was fascinating.

Therefore we shall now return to the Terrace. I sat down beside him, and in a few minutes we were in deep discussion as to whether there would be another war and, if so, what it would be like.

"Certainly there will be wars and wars," said Elliot benevolently. "You must remember, my dear fellow, that men delight in war. It uproots them from their daily tasks, it takes them to new realms and other countries, it gives them a sense of purpose. It also creates a monastic life in which women only play a part when the warrior is on leave. Where were you on Armistice Day in 1918?"

I told him that I was with the Canadians at Seaford Camp waiting to return to France.

"Ah," said Elliot. "Then you would have heard all the ships in New Haven Harbour blowing their whistles at eleven o'clock. Now tell me, is it not true that it gave you a curious, empty feeling? It did to me too. The unknown terrors of peace confronted us after years of simple out-of-door life in the war."

★ ★ ★

"The problem of peace is how to give men the adventure they crave without landing them in prison or the divorce court. Women understand this instinctively, but try to convince themselves that it isn't true."

"Now take Scotland, where your ancestors and mine lived. For a great number of years the Scots in the glens used to make raids and cut each other up. There were fierce small battles, and everybody was happy. There were clan feuds and all that sort of thing, and they got a great kick out of it. Then the strong arm of authority stepped in and made it a penal offence to cut up your neighbour. And that was the beginning of the tragic emigration from Scotland."

A large made it way slowly towards Westminster Bridge, and two barges grazed at us like visitors to the Zoo. A strange silent race of men, these barges, who think deeply and never seem to put it into words.

"The problem, my dear Beverley, (Walter was off again) is how to supply the element of danger to normal life. Everybody who can afford it should ride a horse as often as possible. The horse is the stupidest of all animals and certainly the most dangerous. It will shy at a shadow when any idiot would know that there was nothing to shy about. It has a tenacious memory but it learns very little from experience."

★ ★ ★

"Of course, young fellows can play rugby, which gives them a chance to break their necks, and there is always Switzerland where you can break your legs on skis. These are commendable pursuits although they cannot equal the lure of war. Of course there is flying, but science has made it a safety occupation. However, flying does satisfy the human instinct of going from one place to another."

The rich torrent of language dwindled to a mere stream. As if the Debating Chamber had waited for this moment the Division Bells rang, the police bellowed "DIVI-SHUN," as if determined to make the Thames tremble.

"So do our duty," said Elliot, the ex-soldier, with the double MC, the ex-Minister, the ex-Rector of Aberdeen University and Glasgow University, Freeman of the City of Edinburgh and Companion of Honour. Of his philosophy: "I hope you will agree with me that he deserves one more title—'The Good Companion.'"

## WITH Les Armour IN Britain Today

### Culture Comes To Soho

HEARING that Culture had come to darkest Soho, we determined to investigate.

Not having the New Yorker's Man Stanley at hand for the task, we were forced to go ourselves, and, with apologies to Stanley, append the following report:

"To London Casino where arrived 7.22 p.m. to discover Culture much in evidence. Posters proclaiming virtues of leggy girls all gone. Counted eight signs with word 'Culture' six inches high."

"This work of Society for Cultural Relations with the USSR whose title accounts for signs above mentioned. Accompanied by two gents selling Daily Worker and three vendors of Peace leaflets. Noted six citizens purchasing Daily Worker but all pushing up latest atrocities of capitalist hyenas in favour of racing page. Price of Peace apparently too high for Soho as no trade in this item being done."

"Proceeded to People's Culture in form of Sergei Gerasimov and Moscow Puppet Theatre being offered at 57.11, and 15 shillings a throw. People there in force and I quickly determined that it was that London still ripe for 'bread' though evidently somewhat bewildered by offering."

"This evidenced by (a) wild clapping and cheering with only smallest gaps to enable culture-lovers to hear dialogue and (b) loud explanations of alleged points of jokes being offered by several workers to world in general."

★

"Puppetry excellent, scenery sharp, lighting up to usual Casino standard. Show called 'An Unusual Concert' and consisting of satirical parody on concert performance."

"Involved a stuffed-shirt master of ceremonies, screaming soprano, gypsy singing troupe without single gypsy, excellent rendition of American crooners by team of gents called 'Boogie, Woogie, and Creep' and included occasional dig at People's Culture itself."

"Point of satirical parody explained in words of one syllable in programme but loud outbursts of cheering at odd points left impression audience unsure whether this real parody or real People's Art. Most upsetting. At performance end, puppet manipulators showed selves. Wore grey serge overalls to prove were genuine workers or something."

"But looked like people. This seemed to impress audience, which offered loud gasp."

"After curtain calls, self and several other capitalist hyenas left standing looking foolish in wait for national anthem. This not forthcoming."

"Took self to Mayfair where consumed expensive cup of coffee by way of shaking off People."

### Unlording Noises

A CERTAIN Noble Lord who precipitated himself into the headlines the other day by referring to the words of another Noble Lord as "insolent rubbish," was undoubtedly hanging his head in shame these days.

The spectacle is one to make even the most hardened Briton boggle. It was, of course, explained that the offending peer was a recent arrival in the House of Lords and widely understood that he had recently come from "another place" (lower in the legislative order of things) where harsh words are not quite unknown.

Members of the House of Commons, in fact, manage to insult one another with alarming regularity. The art of insult is one with considerable value among the commoners. When the Lords Spiritual and Temporal gather, however, it is understood that business will be carried on with philosophical detachment, and tacitly assumed that the members are honourable gentlemen one and all.

★

Asked to explain just what the House of Lords was, the average peer would probably reply in the vein of Samuel Rogers, who, asked about his religion, replied that it was "that of every sensible man." Asked what that might be, he said, flatly, that that was "what every sensible man keeps to himself."

The House of Lords, in point of fact, has no real powers except those of delay. But it is there to ensure that "major national issues" will be discussed at least once beyond the heat of political bickering.

There, a man who would simply be ruled out of order in the Commons may discuss at length the philosophical implications of feeding oatmeal to Welshmen or the planning principles of Etruscan drains. Viscount Stansgate occasionally discourses upon the virtues of plankton, and Lord Ogmore orates on the beauties of Wales. On the same evening as the "insolent rubbish" affair, Lord Sillkin and Lord Hore-Belisha debated quietly the proper meaning of "proper" and Viscount Stansgate demanded to know, apropos something or other, whether you could make a film of Everest in Britain. (The matter was shelved, just when the Viscount was beginning to speculate on the process of building a phony Everest.)

But all this may not be so funny as it sounds. In the hustle and bustle of the Commons much is apt to be forgotten and political advantage occasionally turns out to be national disadvantage.

The Lords, however, pass nothing over.

### Carophony, Opus I

STROLLERS through Mayfair this week had they paused to look outside the Institute of Contemporary Arts might have dashed horror-stricken for the nearest policeman.

The absence of police interference, in fact, was doubtless due to the excellent sound-proofing of the place.

Inside, devotees were being treated to the sound of a million shattering panes of glass mingled with the roar of a jet engine and a few lines of chanting Greek poetry.

This delight is called "concrete music" and it is making its first, if not its last, impact on the British ear.

The idea seems to be simple enough. Tape recordings are made of a wide variety of sounds. The "composer" then puts them together, superimposes one on another, and speeds up or slows down the machine to produce sounds never before heard by innocent, mortal man.

The critics agreed that the end product was "concrete" all right. Some of them, we gather, concluded that its effect was not very different from that of being ground through a concrete mixer.

As for "music," they left the general impression that somebody ought to find a new word. But the matter is not likely to stand.

★

In France, "concrete music" is becoming a favourite diversion.

Radical diffusion Francis has constructed a "laboratory" for its composition. Darius Milhaud is writing a composition for a festival.

And the noise got to London through the courtesy of Tony Mayer, Cultural Attaché to the French Embassy.

Cynics will say that this is as good an explanation as any for the contemporary vagaries of French politics. Who can expect stability after an evening of shattering window glass? But it has more subtle implications.

After nearly a generation of being slowly battered to a mental pulp by "canned entertainment" man seems to have turned to attack the can. For the first time the recording machine is being used to create.

Moreover, for the first time someone is trying to capture the fantastic array of sounds which the machine ego has made a part of our daily lives and to work them into harmonious wholes.

No doubt, the first attempts are crude. But who knows? The roar of the jet might yet enrich as well as bedevil.

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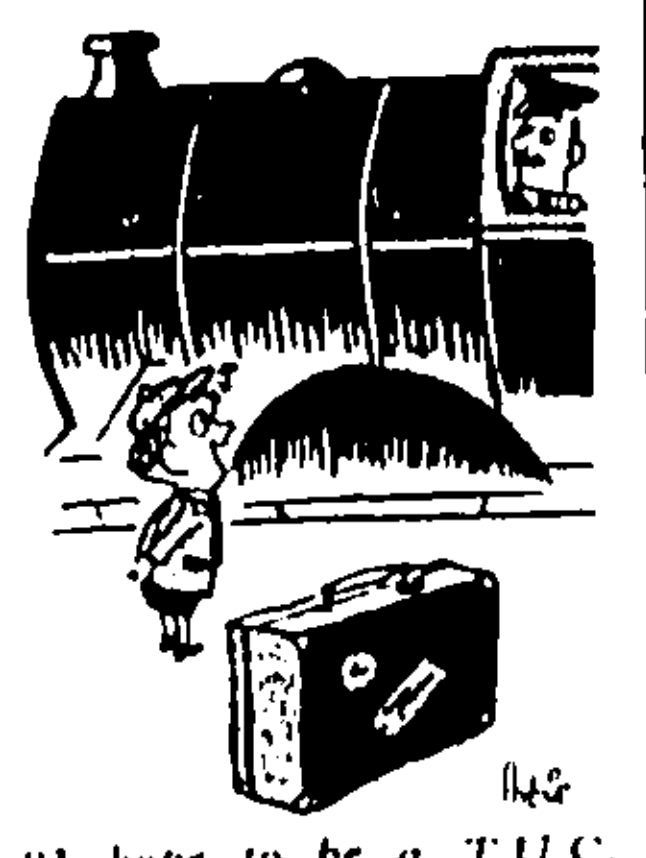
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### ARTIE'S HEADLINE



"I hope to be a T.U.C. leader and be invited to Buckingham Palace when I grow up."

## But, Mr. Wodehouse, what about The Girls?

BRING ON THE GIRLS. By P. G. Wodehouse and Guy Bolton. Jenkins 16s. 248 pages.

THE Wodehouse-Bolton comedy theatre opened one day in 1909 when Wodehouse (holding down a steady job in London—or being held down by it) granted himself three



by  
GEORGE  
MALCOLM  
THOMSON

### A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS
- 1 Young animal (4)
  - 4 Countryman (7)
  - 8 Lounge (4)
  - 9 Jet (4)
  - 10 Part of a plane wing (5)
  - 11 Metal (4)
  - 12 Lake (4)
  - 14 Easter (7)
  - 17 Apart (5)
  - 19 Best of burden (5)
  - 22 Protect (7)
  - 26 Meat (4)
  - 27 Quote (4)
  - 28 Banquet (7)
  - 29 Course (4)
  - 30 Despatched (4)
  - 31 Noble lady (7)
  - 32 Flank (4)
- DOWN
- 2 Workshop (6)
  - 3 Flared up (6)
  - 5 Bring to light (6)
  - 6 Precipitous (5)
  - 7 Loop with tumour knot (5)
  - 12 Dishgown (4)
  - 13 Vex (4)
  - 15 Fruit (4)
  - 16 Turn over and over (4)
  - 18 Nook (6)
  - 20 Ward off (6)
  - 21 Merited (6)
  - 24 Pull (5)
  - 25 Beverage (5)
  - 25 Gets up (5)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1. Rebate, 5. April, 8. Duce, 9. Garret, 10. Omen, 11. Regue, 12. Lath, 13. State, 16. Repeat, 18. Needed, 20. Evens, 22. Dear, 23. Taint, 25. Hurdle, 26. Canton, 27. Rural, 28. Meise, 29. Needle, Down: 1. Republic, 3. Baritone, 3. Tier, 4. Enticed, 5. Arouse, 6. Phoebe, 7. Axel, 13. Baritone, 15. Etrange, 16. Recluse, 17. Pelican, 19. Entire, 21. Voile, 24. Dale.

## PARADE

### SETTLING FAMILY PROBLEMS

Several mailbags full of problems lie on the desk of West Germany's first Minister for Family Affairs.

Ranging from loveletters to henpecked, hundreds of citizens are sending letters to Bonn about their personal troubles since Chancellor Konrad Adenauer created the brand-new Ministry last month.

"My husband left me. Please see to it that he returns," one angry German wife commanded.

"It is your task to tell my wife she has to quit smoking," a timid husband suggested.

The letters bear such addresses as "Minister for the Creation of Families" and "Minister for Protection of the Family," but all finally get to Franz Josef Wuermling.

A devout Catholic, father of a large family, and close friend of Adenauer, Wuermling is making history in his unique post.

The Ministry's goals include increasing the attractiveness of marriage for bachelors and spinsters, checking the mounting national divorce rate and encouraging small families to have more babies.

TIDYING UP. Cairo's "barrow boys" are to be put into uniform.

And their barrows are to be painted white, blue, cream or grey according to the area of the capital in which they will be allowed to operate.

This is the latest move by Egypt's Revolutionary Command Council in its drive to tidy up the streets and to rid them of "troubles for tourists."

Cairo's swarming shoeblacks, lemonade-sellers and lemonade-suckers have become notorious over the years for their pestering of visitors. Many of them are pickpockets and "cosh boys" on the side. One favourite trick of the whining shoeblacks is to throw mud over the footwear of Europeans refusing a "shine."

KILLED POSTMAN. Edinburgh-born Douglas Scurrah has become the best known postman in Auckland, New Zealand. It is not surprising, because instead of conventional postman's uniform he wears the kilt.

When he took the job while on a visit to New Zealand he

### IT NEVER RAINS BUT

Issac Melul is painting the roof of a new apartment block in Tetuan, Spanish Morocco.

A gust of wind tore down the scaffolding.

Issac grabbed a rope half way down. The rope broke.

Then he grabbed a flapping window blind. That held, but his momentum carried him into a flat where a woman thought he was a burglar and screamed for the police.

A NOCCIN OF GRAPE? The civil governor of Madrid and a group of newspapermen—experts all—went out in the country to sample beer last week.

What they drank looked like beer, tasted like beer, and smelled like beer.

But it was made from grapes.

A Spanish wine-grower, worried by the world wine surplus, developed the new process. He wants the government to subsidise its development.

THIS IS WAR. Along the 24 miles from Pail to Hanwant in India, locusts raced neck and neck with an express train this week.

The insects won.

The locusts have been "divo-bombing" trains all summer.

When they catch one, they swarm into the open compartments.

MONSTER'S MONSTER? According to Greenhead, the sea monsters of recent years, including the Loch Ness sort, are pretty tame stuff.

They claim one so big that, when it passes through the 20 miles channel from its home in Nausilik Lake to the sea, it leaves scales as big as saucers on the shore and throws up columns in its wake.

Nikolai Iosing, chairman of the Godthaab Municipal Council, says he has collected reports on the monster from independent observers—and they all tally.

FAREWAS THE BOY CHURCHILL. Oldest living former London taxi-driver is George Thomas Durham, or Morcan, Surrey, who for 50 of his 93 years gave cabs, hansom and motor rounds in London streets until he retired just before the war.

For 32 years, always wearing a top hat and heavy tign-buttoned coat, Mr Durham drove hansom, then changed to motor. He preferred motors; they did not have to be watched and did not do what one of his horses did one day—kick the front of the cab in and break from the shafts.

He talks of the famous farces he has had: the Grand Duke Michael of Russia when he was attached to the Royal mews to take important visitors to the Abbey at the Coronation of Edward VII; of W. G. Grace, who said to him, "You're a good cabbie." He replied, "And you're a good cricketer." Of Sir Winston Churchill at the age of 14, "You would never imagine he would be Prime Minister. I can see him now looking up at his mother as she paid the fare."

34 YEARS Food buried in 1920 in the Arctic wastes by Amundsen has just been eaten at a fashionable luncheon in a Copenhagen hotel.

The food was discovered by another explorer just back from Greenland and the meal was enjoyed by himself and his colleagues. Liver paste and fish cakes which had been buried for 34 years tasted just as good as the freshest food. Only the butter had suffered. It resembled motor lubricant and didn't taste much better.

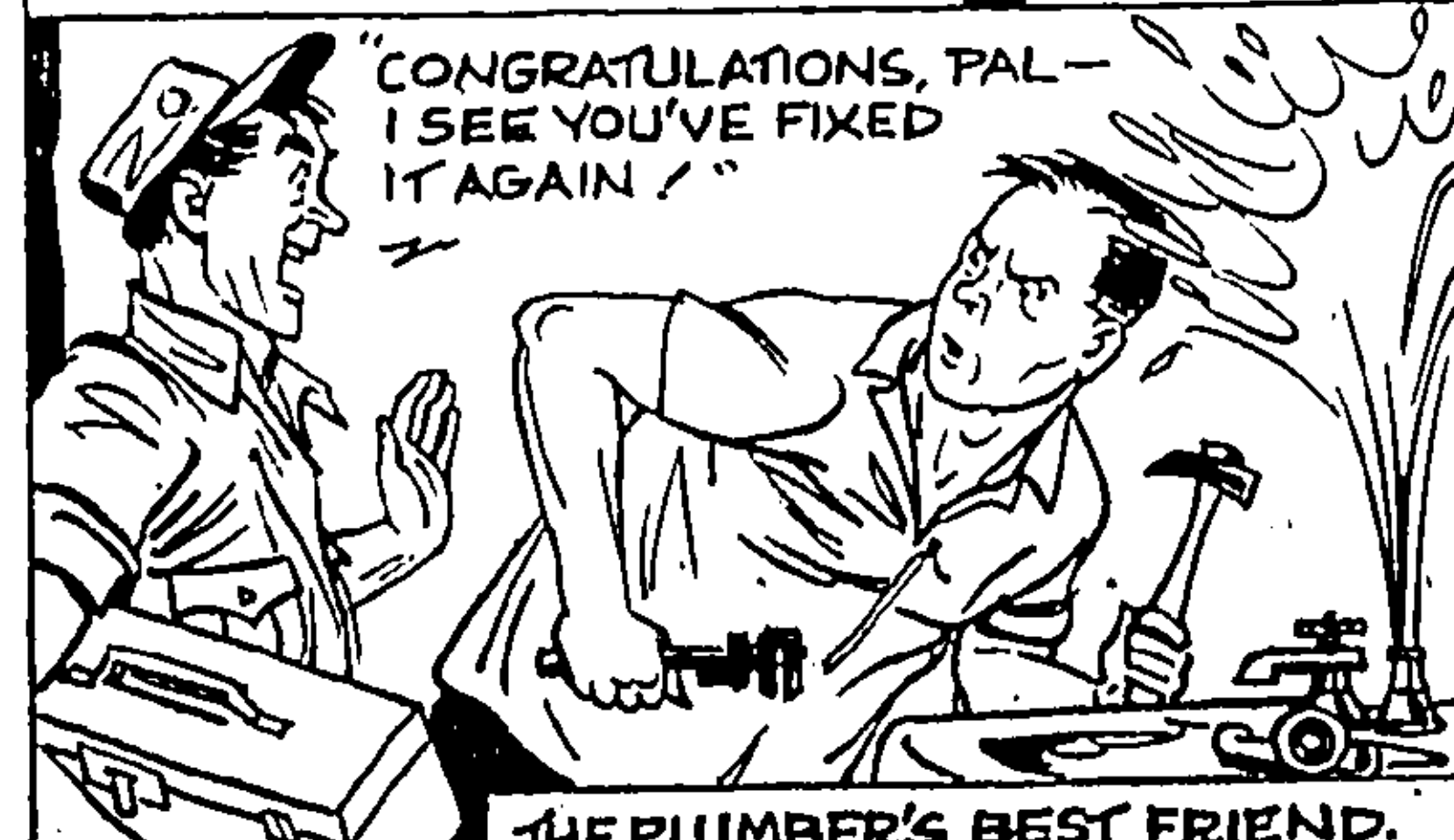
LONGEVITY A Copenhagen taxi-driver, tired of impatient passengers, has stuck the following sign on the inside of his cab:

"Better to drive at 40 And live to 80 Than drive at 80 And die at 40."

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

### Do-It-Yourself

BY HARRY WEINERT



THE ONES WHO HAVE A KNACK FOR GETTING THINGS DONE—FOR 'EM.











## ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

## IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF COMPTON HAVING AN INTEREST IN DROBNY

During Denis Compton's huge innings of 278 for England against Pakistan in the Second Test at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, spectators—and television commentators—were quick to notice some furious signalling directed at the batsman from the players' balcony. Not unnaturally it was interpreted as tactical instructions.

Denis was attacking the bowling so furiously that he did not have to be told to go quicker, and it was assumed the signals indicated an early declaration.

But what was really happening was information to Denis on the progress of the Men's Singles Final at Wimbledon. A TV set was installed in the dressing room and Denis had a financial interest in Drobny winning! When he was 2-1 in the lead the England players thought it was about time Denis was put in the picture.

A. H. Kardar, the Pakistan captain, did not allow his players to watch the screen during play, but the TV did come in handy during the rain-interruptions on the third day. Both sets of players were able to watch the Women's Singles final and were all astonished at the power of "Little Moe's" strokes.

Earlier in the week Peter May and my brother and I saw a day's play at Wimbledon. It was the first time we had been to the opportunity came through Surrey being able to finish their county match with Hampshire in the last over before lunch on the second day. Surrey's captain was May and this was the second occasion on which he had led the team to substantial victories.

WITH BOTH HANDS  
The story behind the near-century of Jimmy Allan for Oxford against Cambridge in the Varsity match at Lord's is of a chance opportunity taken with both hands.

Allan, a Scotsman from Edinburgh, won some notoriety by sending down seven consecutive overs with his left arm spinners in his first outing against a county side. He was

then a tall-end batsman without much hope of promotion in the batting order.

Early this season, however, he was sent in as a "night watchman" one evening and so well did he bat the next morning that it was decided to experiment with him as an opener. He continued to score runs and has held his position culminating with a score of 86 in a big first wicket stand against Cambridge.

Allan watches the ball closely and though he cannot be described as a stylist he has developed into a most useful batsman.

I wonder how many potential run-getters languish in the lower order positions among the county sides. There is of course, a completely different attitude towards batting in the first half of the order than in the second. Some counties, in fact, discourage their bowlers from getting runs. They want them to hit out and get out. But I wonder if this is the right way to approach the matter.

The physical strain of an all-rounder is considerable for six days a week cricket, but it seems to me a great pity to develop one side of a player's game at the expense of the other.

In the old days, I am told, No. 9, 10, 11 (9, 10 Jack as they are known in cricket parlance) were not expected to score at all, and one famous fast bowler, always last man in, invariably drew his bat away from the ball.

## TED DRAKE'S DREAM

## United States And Canada As First Class Soccer Powers Of The Future

Ted Drake, chief of the new Chelsea, has a dream—to make the United States and Canada first-class football powers.

Can baseball-worshipping North America equal the maestros south of Panama in Soccer ability?

"Yes," says Drake. "With British aid." He studies his report of Chelsea's eight-match summer tour of the United States and Canada and glows: "Unlike Jimmy Seed's sad experiences with Charlton in South America, Chelsea's trip was the happiest, most encouraging ever."

"What a wonderful welcome they gave us in New York, Baltimore, New Jersey, and Montreal. And how Soccer is catching on out there. We saw a football pitch even in the park outside the White House. Praise Stan Matthews for North America's new interest in football."

TV SMASH HIT  
"A film of the Blackpool-Bolton Cup Final was televised and it was a smash hit."

"There's an American League, a German League and now the Portuguese have started playing. Many schools, too, are taking up football."

Ted Drake, the realist, knows

and allowed himself to be bowled.

ATTITUDE VARIES  
The attitude of bowlers towards batting varies considerably. Some genuinely believe they can bat and continually deplore going in towards the end. Others just don't want to, while some just can't.

Eric Hollies, the Warwickshire leg-break bowler, has been playing day in, day out since 1932 and until this season his best score was 24 in 1937. Against Sussex this year he certainly improved on that record, almost getting a century.

Yet once—in 1947 at Trent Bridge—he helped to save England from defeat by South Africa with a long last wicket stand with Martin, the Kent fast bowler.

But Hollies, of Yorkshire, regularly took more wickets than the runs he scored, and Peter Jackson, of Worcestershire, was another case in point. In these days, however, a batsman is expected to play a straight bat at least and make the most use he can of his batting no matter how limited his ability might be in this direction.

In county or Test match a "rabbit" never knows when he might be called upon to save his side, and I think it is proper that every newcomer, irrespective of his job, should learn all there is to know about the game.

A cup and a cheque for £100 is being offered this season for individual performances in county cricket. Harold Stephenson, the Somerset wicket-keeper, is leading in two of the sections.

He has, at the moment of writing, scored the fastest century—98 minutes—and taken the most victims behind the stumps.

Johnny Wardle, the Yorkshire left-arm spinner, has been the unluckiest player so far with the best bowling performance. He lost his chance of a place by conceding four overthrows!

NEAR-MISSER  
Stephenson beat the previous fastest hundred, scored by George Emmett, of Gloucestershire, by one minute. I mention Emmett's name for he surely must hold cricket's record for near-misses.

Up to the start of the season he had hit 25 first-class centuries, but since the war alone he has got into the 90s as many as 30 times. Once against Surrey he was run out at 97 through no fault of his own in the first innings, but hit a faultless century in the second.

It is not a case of "nervous 90s" for this dapper, beautiful stroke player but a complete indifference to records—a spirit which is doubly commendable in these record-crazy days. George goes on making his shots no matter what his score may be.

Another of his type in county cricket is Dickie Dodds, of Essex, who attacks the bowling from the first ball. Like David Sheppard, the theological student, Dickie is a man of high principles and often spends the English winter lecturing overseas for the cause of Moral Re-armament.

## BRITISH GRAND PRIX WINNER



The Ferrari driven by Froilan Gonzalez of the Argentine passes the chequered flag as it finishes victorious in the British Grand Prix race at Silverstone. Gonzalez completed the 270-mile (90-lap) race in 2 hours 56 minutes 14 seconds, an average speed of 89.69 miles an hour. Second was another Ferrari, driven by Mike Hawthorn, who finished 70 seconds behind the winner, and third was a Maserati driven by O. Marimon. Italian cars thus successfully beat off the challenge of the powerful new German Mercedes.—Reuterphoto.

## GOLF FOR LADIES

## Watch Your Hips, Madam! — And Don't Be Afraid Of Your Strength

Says BERNARD HUNT

Nine out of ten of the ladies who come for golf instruction overswing. And the same proportion need an extraordinary amount of convincing that the ball in golf is meant to be hit and hit hard. Because they have heard it said somewhere that you should "swing slowly" they approach their shots as though they are in a slow ballet movement. The result is neither ballet nor golf.

No, ladies, if it's gentility you are after, stick to lawn tennis or croquet. In golf you have to make your hands really work hard and you must get the idea firmly in your mind that you have to hit that little white ball as nearly like a man as possible.

I do not suggest that this is a graceless game for women. Certainly it is worth trying. As soon as you get the feel of the shorter swing you will find the ball will fly just as far, if not further, and that you will achieve far greater consistency.

And now for the hands. For too many ladies I have met have taken refuge in the excuse that they haven't the strength in their wrists and hands needed for strong hitting at golf. That may be so up to a point. But it is not half as true as many ladies would have you believe. Just watch those same ladies wield a scrubbing brush or a paint brush at spring cleaning time or see how they move even the heaviest piece of furniture that is in their way!

I do not suggest that a woman can match a man's power. What I do say is that far too few women make the most of the power they really have.

MAKE CLUBHEAD WHISTLE  
After all, the secret of every good golf shot lies in the application of power as the clubhead moves into the last two feet of its swing into the ball. And it is the hands, compelling late acceleration of speed in the clubhead, which produce it.

The shorter your swing, generally speaking, the easier it is to feel and apply that late power from the hands. But, whether you swing long or short, success demands that late clubhead speed. So remember that, and build up your hand power to be able to apply it.

Try to make the clubhead positively whistle through the air as you go through. Cut out

the flopping, gentle swishes which so often and so fatally start from the top. How do you build up this hand power I have talked about? Simple! Do a bit of real work at your game. Get out on the practice ground with a large bag of balls instead of taking out those day cards so often. Get the "feel" of your clubs by constant swinging.

It is not a bad idea to have a heavy club about the house for occasional minutes of swinging practice in the garden. If you can make a heavy club "whistle" through, you will make your ordinary ones go through even more easily. That is the hard work of better golf for ladies—shorter swinging instead of over-swinging and the building up and application of hand power. Now for a few practical hints you can apply next time you go out.

APPROACH SHOTS  
First—those approach shots. There is no question of brute strength in these. You all have the strength to pitch fifty yards to the pin. All I ask you to do is to use that strength to make these shots crisp and firm. For too often I have seen ladies flap lazily into these shots because they feel that they are not far from the pin and they can push the ball easily along. That is wrong.

Watch any pro when he plays a pitch shot. He may use a short swing if he hasn't far to hit the ball but he never makes the mistake of being lazy on the ball. He knows that a slow, lazy shot is too difficult; so he makes his clubhead get firmly through, into the back of the ball, and on to take a divot.

You ladies must do the same. Play your pitch and chip shot firmly. Maintain your clubhead speed. Get down to take a divot after striking the ball... and get used to the idea of letting the club do the work it is designed to do. Never attempt the scoop. Ladies who practise these shots round the greens can cut half a dozen shots from their handicaps inside a month of reasonable work and concentration.

If you are in a bunker the same instruction holds. Hit firmly through with your shot—making certain of your follow-through. If you flop at the ball here and so lose your clubhead speed you stay in the sand. "A tip my father always suggests to those ladies who always seem to want more length from their drives is to try the idea of using a higher tee and hitting with the ball well off the front toe. The theory is that this makes you strike the ball just as you are starting the opening and gives you top spin which makes the ball travel very much further. The essential thing here is to be sure you are hitting the ball with the ball hitting the ball."—Reuterphoto.

## 11-Year-Old's Hole In One

Robin Gammon, aged 11, has achieved the ambition of every golfer: he has holed in one.

Robin, of Marleys Heath Road, Petersfield, did it with a brassie at the difficult 165-yard sixth hole at Petersfield. Three bunkers, a hedge, and a ditch are obstacles before the green. But Robin, who has been playing since he was nine, cleared them all.

He said last week: "I play a round of golf every day after school. It's scrumptious to give the ball a good crack and watch it sail away, better than football any day."

His advice to older golfers on how to hole in one: "Take a good look round you. See where the wind lies, because it makes a difference to you. Keep your head down when you drive—and hope for the best."

Note:—Youngest player to hole in one is Tasmanian Peter Toogood. He was eight when he did it 10 years ago at the 110-yard seventh in Hobart. Toogood was top amateur in this year's British Open Championship.—(London Express Service).

TIRED EYES  
NUSS trouble

Don't rub your eyes when they are tired from reading, cinema, or work. Rub them with Optrex Eye Lotion for instant relief and lasting good eye health. Doctors approve it.



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## THE WEEKEND GAMBOLS













